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SILENT GIFT.

BY E. E. W.

Thou half-way up the long steep hill of Fame:
I at its foot, obscure, well-nigh unknown,
Having no home, no wealth, to call my own,
Seeing life's toil stretch on through years the same—
What could I give that now thou canst not claim?
The love of friends, loud praise's stirring tone,
Success in work—while I who stand alone
Look up, but dare not speak for very shame.

Yet to myself I whisper soft and low,
Something I, too, could bring, his life to bless,
A gift whose sweetness none shall ever know,
Because none other may the shrine possess
That holds the treasure—but a woman's heart—
A little thing! Yet of all things apart.

"MINE OR THINE?"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FAIRY GODMOTHER," "UNDER SUSPICION," "A ROSE AMONG WOMEN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII—(CONTINUED)

WHEN Madame Dupuy returned, hot, tired, but triumphant, from her operations upon the jelly, Valentine imparted to her the recently-acquired information, thereby seriously disturbing the little lady's usual placidity. Having a remarkable aptitude for jumping to conclusions, she began first to exult in Valentine's certain triumph, to congratulate her, and to exonerate her stepfather from the blame with which she had therefore liberally loaded him; then her sweet face suddenly lengthened, the knitting dropped into her lap, and she raised her eyes to her niece's with a look of almost tragic dismay.

"Oh, Valentine!" she said. "But that poor fellow up stairs; I had forgotten—you take all from him—everything! Oh, it is cruel, it is terrible!"

"It is justice," said Valentine, in a low tone. Her face was very pale; she sat with hands clasped tightly before her, looking out into the garden to the arbor, where she had sat the day before with him. What a gulf seemed to yawn between that day and this! "It is justice," she repeated; "he had no hesitation in taking it from me—why should I forego my right of taking it from him?" A sudden huskiness in her voice warned her to stop.

"Yes; but he didn't know you—and it is different," urged Madame Dupuy. Her logic was feeble, but her feelings were strong, and she said a good deal about them at intervals, her niece sitting silent in the same posture, with the same look upon her face. "Oh, Valentine, think what you will feel if you bring that poor fellow to beggary!" she exclaimed finally; and Mademoiselle D'Esterre turned then, and said—

"Do you suppose I haven't thought of it, auntie?"—with a strange mirthless laugh. Then she rose from her chair and went over to the piano, and began to play.

Madame Dupuy said no more; she had been very much impressed by that unusual look upon her niece's face.

The sound of the music seemed to conjure up Heathcote, as by some magic spell. He was provided with an excuse, of course—a magazine with a good article in it upon the French composers, which he thought might interest mademoiselle. He begged that she would continue her playing, and went and sat down by Madame Dupuy and began to talk to her a little absently and to pull the things about in her neat work-basket with his clumsy masculine fingers. He was enfant gate with Madame Dupuy, and he knew it, and took advantage of his privileges, as a man will. He coaxed her presently into asking Valentine to sing to them; and, when the girl had yielded to the persuasion, feeling indeed too languid and spiritless to resist, he crossed over to the piano, and leaned upon it to listen.

"There was something I heard you singing yesterday, as I passed the door here," he said. "The words were French, I think——"

"Oh, that!" returned Valentine, with a smile and a blush. "Some verses of Theophile Gautier's which I amused myself by setting to music—I am idle, you see, in these holiday times!"

"Mademoiselle, what a confession!" he exclaimed, laughing. "Don't you know that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do?"

Valentine glanced up at him quickly. What did he mean?

"What is your recipe, then, for keeping out of mischief?" she asked, carrying the war boldly into the enemy's country.

"Mine!" he echoed, with a laugh. "I haven't any, mademoiselle, and I haven't kept out of mischief; on the contrary, I have gone into it over head and heels!"

He sighed as abruptly as he had laughed, and followed up the sigh by suddenly looking down into her eyes so earnestly and yearningly that Valentine trembled at the look; her very heart seemed to faint within her and a mist to pass before her eyes, only there was sunshine pouring through the mist; and a mingled feeling of exquisite pain and exquisite joy thrilled her at that moment. Heathcote was turning over mechanically a pile of music at his elbow. Suddenly he drew out a sheet with a little exclamation.

"Surely this is it! Mademoiselle, you will sing this for me?"

She let him place it before her upon the desk. It was easier after all to obey than to resist; she felt as if under a spell. In a low dreamy voice she began to sing, but it swelled and became stronger as she reached the last verse.

When the song came to an end, the singer, with an almost inaudible excuse, rose and quitted the room. She left her handkerchief behind her, having dropped it upon the carpet at Heathcote's feet. He stooped and picked it up. It was a relic of wealthier days—a bit of fine dainty cambric, with a big "V." embroidered on one corner.

Heathcote looked at it with tender reverence; then put it to his lips before laying it upon the piano. Madame Dupuy's back was turned to him, so he had no fear of her seeing. But he had forgotten the mirror, hung in old homely fashion over the mantelpiece—faithfully reflecting his every movement for the benefit of the little lady in the chair. Madame smiled a smile of deep satisfaction.

"I'm afraid Mademoiselle D'Esterre is not feeling quite well," began Heathcote, coming round to her chair after moving restlessly about the room. "She's looking rather pale, isn't she?"

"She is always pale," returned Madame Dupuy placidly. "But I'm afraid she has been worried a little to-day—poor child!"

"Worried!" Heathcote bit his lip. What right had he to ask questions? None—as yet. "If—if there were anything I could be of use in, Madame Dupuy," he blurted out—"any way in which I could show my gratitude."

"Hush, hush! Let us not talk of gratitude!" cried Madame Dupuy, laying a soft entreating hand upon his arm; and, to Heathcote's surprise, he saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

When Valentine returned an hour later, after Heathcote had departed, she did not seem to have a word to say. She sat down in her own chair by the window and looked into the garden, where the afternoon sun was shining upon blossom and bush and bower. Madame Dupuy looked at her twice or thrice, not altogether approvingly; then she spoke.

"Have you been thinking since of what I said to-day, Valentine?"

The girl started, but did not turn her eyes away from the window.

"About the will? Yes, auntie."

"And what have you made up your mind to do?"

"To go on with it, of course—if the proof is forthcoming."

"And to ruin that poor fellow upstairs?"

"I can't help that, aunt"—coldly.

"You can if you like. There is a way. Listen Valentine! Major Heathcote loves you—ah, you may look surprised, and ask me how do I know that? But I know it—perfectly! I suspected it; and to-day when I saw him, in the glass there, pick up your handkerchief which you had dropped, and kiss it, with a look upon his face! He never thought I saw, but it made me think of so much. After that you will not do so, surely? What matters it which of you really has the money? It will belong to you both when you are his wife."

"When!" said Valentine, with rather bitter emphasis. "Major Heathcote hasn't asked me to be his wife yet, and is never likely to do so."

"And you actually prefer to ruin him to—— Oh, it is too cruel! You win his heart and then throw it away——"

"I never tried to win his heart!" interrupted Valentine, tremulously.

"And then you take his fortune," continued Madame Dupuy pitilessly. "I never thought you could be so hard-hearted, Valentine! You, who pretended you didn't care about the money when you had it; and now it's more to you than an honest man's love——"

"It's not the money," cried the girl. She turned round upon her aunt in a breathless passion of excitement and misery which struck the elder lady dumb. "It's not the money—it is that I vowed I would expose that forgery and right myself if it were possible to do it, and I can't break my word now. It's too late—I've set the stone rolling, and I can't stop it. I must go on—I must! And it is hard enough to do without your making it harder, auntie!" She broke down suddenly in an outburst of tears and sobbing. "Oh, I wish he would go away!" she cried. "Why does he stay here, to make me feel a traitor?"

Such passion in Valentine—ordinarily so calm and self-possessed—was a startling thing certainly. It astonished Madame Dupuy, who hastily applied herself to soothe her niece by all the comforting speeches she could think—contradicting everything she had said before, without being in the least sensible of her inconsistency.

CHAPTER IX.

Valentine still looking dull and depressed on the day following, and confessing when questioned to having lain awake all night, Madame Dupuy felt impelled to make an invalid of her. She insisted on her not giving a lesson which was due, and set out herself, with much fuss and state, to deliver a message of excuse at the pupil's home.

She had before parting installed Valentine comfortably in her chair by the open window, with a book on the table before her, and she left her with a peremptory command to do nothing more fatiguing than read. The book however lay neglected. What was the use of taking it up when her mind was too preoccupied to comprehend a page of it? Valentine sat with hands folded in the lap of her gown, and thought—thought till her head ached as much as her heart.

A knock at the door caused her to start violently. She could not say "Come in!" she could only turn her head and gaze towards the door, with an expression of terror in her eyes. When Heathcote entered the room a sigh escaped her lips, and, with a sudden effort, she controlled herself, rose from her chair, and spoke.

"Major Heathcote! You wanted my aunt, I suppose? I am so sorry she is out."

"But she will soon be in, I dare say. May I wait for her here?" he asked; and, when the inevitable permission had been accorded, he drew a chair opposite to hers at the window and seated himself, thus commanding a full view of her pale face.

"Are you—you are quite well, I hope, mademoiselle?" he said anxiously.

"Yes, thanks—except that I have a headache." She paused, wondering if it was really a headache that she felt—if there was not something more.

Heathcote was looking at her with evident concern.

"You ought to have seen Raymond," he said; "I'm sure he could have given you something. All the station ladies used to get him to prescribe for them. He was here this morning too. What a pity——"

He stopped disconcerted; a sudden flush tinged Valentine's cheek.

"Why a pity?" she said coldly. "If Doctor Raymond were here now, I should not dream of consulting him. I am not ill—I have only a headache."

"Of course," assented Heathcote hurriedly. There was more color than usual upon his tanned face this morning. He took up the book which lay upon the table, and made a hasty diversion with it. "'Is Life Worth Living?' You have been reading this, mademoiselle? And how do you answer the question?"

A smile played about Valentine's lips—a strange smile, subtle and sweet.

"I have not read this book through yet," she answered slowly.

"Ah!" He looked at her steadily, then laid down the book. "Raymond told me something this morning," he said abruptly. "He thinks I shall never be fit for active service again; he doubts even if I shall be fit for ordinary service for a year to come."

"But"—Valentine looked up, startled—"surely you are not——"

"I'm as fit as a man could be," he said, with a laugh. "I'm not allowed to exert myself—that's all. Raymond thinks I may begin to do a little again without danger after six months or so. Meanwhile time hangs somewhat heavily on one's hands."

"Yes; it is very unpleasant to be absolutely idle," Valentine allowed carelessly. "But you have cause for gratitude in not being a man whose livelihood depends upon his ability to work. You can afford to be idle."

"Yes," he assented thoughtfully. The look of anxiety—of concern was in his eyes again as he glanced at her. He took up a paper-knife that was lying upon the table, and toyed with it nervously. Then he looked at Valentine, and the expression in his blue eyes was half shy and half audacious—like one who hesitates before attempting a daring act. The audacity at length prevailed. "Mademoiselle," he

said hurriedly, "I should like to know awfully why you refused Raymond?"

Valentine started, and the warm blood rushed again to her face. For a moment she looked indignant—almost resentful; then the latent humor in her nature quenched her anger, and she replied with a cool careless smile—

"Major Heathcote, I should like to know awfully what business that is of yours?"

Heathcote sat silent for a moment, biting his moustache; then he looked up.

"It may sound impertinent," he said; "but it's my business, for all that. It—it means a lot to me. He's a good fellow, you see—good-looking, clever, very popular, with a sufficient income."

"All which matters nothing to me," interrupted Valentine haughtily. "Please let us say no more about this, Major Heathcote. It is not a subject I care to discuss."

"I suppose not." He stood up, and began to pace restlessly about the room, his head bowed, his hands in his pockets.

Valentine kept glancing at him nervously, her heart beating so violently that she could scarcely breathe, half longing for, half dreading Madame Dupuy's return. What did he mean to say or do? What he did was to pause abruptly before her chair; what he said, in a passionately earnest voice, was—

"You wouldn't have him, mademoiselle; I wonder if—if you'd have me?"

"You?" She had suddenly turned quite white.

"Yes." As he spoke, he knelt down beside her chair, not with a view to making the situation romantic, but with a half-unconscious desire to bring himself nearer to her. "I love you, Valentine. I never cared for any woman before; but I love you with all my heart."

"Oh, no, no!" said Valentine faintly. She had drawn away as far as she could from him, and sat looking into his face with dark startled eyes.

"But it is 'Oh, yes, yes!'" he returned, with a short broken laugh. "I tried to be sorry for Raymond when he told me of his ill-luck; but I'm a selfish beast, I'm afraid, for I couldn't help being glad for myself. You'll say 'Yes,' darling, won't you?"

He had seized the slender hand that was lying listlessly upon the girl's lap; but she tried to draw it from him.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried again. "I can't. Please don't speak like that. I can't—I can't."

The color died out of Heathcote's face, and an expression of hardness stole over it.

"You can't?" he echoed. "Because you don't like me, I suppose?"

"You knew I did not like you at the first," she murmured falteringly.

"Yes; but I thought you'd got over that," he said moodily. "You've been as sweet as summer with me of late—in the arbor, out there a couple of days ago; and you are so sincere by nature that you couldn't counterfeit liking if you tried."

"Oh, don't, don't, don't!" she cried piteously; and she drew her hand from his, and pressed both her cold palms to her burning forehead. "Don't say that—don't say any more!"

He knelt still for a moment, then rose to his feet with a bitter sigh.

"I don't understand it," he said miserably. "And it's—it's rather a blow; but I'm not going to bore you or bother you about it. If you'd only look up, and—and tell me, I think I'd understand better then. Valentine! Won't you look up, and speak to me?"

He laid his hands upon hers, which were clasped over her face, and drew them gently but firmly away. She rose then, shrinking as far from him as she could, trembling still, with downcast eyes, and the color coming and going in her face. Something in the intense restrained emotion which he saw in it stirred a feeling of painful hope in Heathcote's heart.

"Valentine," he said hoarsely, "do you know what you're doing? You're looking as if—as if this were life and death to you, as it is to me! Do you mean it? Do you know what you're putting into my head? If you hadn't as good as told me just now that you didn't, I'd—I'd swear you loved me!"

She held her head down now, and struggled to withdraw her hands from his.

"Let me go!" she said, in a panting whisper.

"Not till you've looked at me," he repeated.

"I will not," she said. "Let me go!" and, as he loosed his hold, she darted by him, and ran out of the room.

He followed, but failed to find her, nor did he see her during the remainder of that day or on the next.

Mr. Bland's answer to Valentine's letter was brief, and to the point.

"Have seen will and ascertained date—June 16th. Case clear. Shall however require to lay an information, so the sooner Hooper can communicate with me the better. Let him come here at once. I enclose check for his expenses. When we have filed his affidavit, we can obtain a warrant at once for the arrest of the forger. I think I know where to look for him, I shall of course comply with your wish to let Mr. Wade know of this, though I must say that I consider it an unprofessional method of procedure. He will of course inform his client at once; but that scarcely matters, since they have not a leg to stand on. Kindly communicate with Hooper immediately, and oblige

"Your faithfully,

"HORATIO BLAND."

"At last!" exclaimed Valentine.

She pushed the letter across the table to Madame Dupuy, and, leaving her scarcely-tasted breakfast, went over to her desk, and began to write. She wrote two letters one to young Hooper, conveying the lawyer's directions and enclosing the check—and another—a few urgent words of warning—signed "V. H."

"Let him go!" she said to herself, as she sealed the second letter. Who knows yet whether the evil he did me was not good in disguise?"

She posted one of these missives, and delivered the other with her own hand, which took some time, the elder Mr. Hooper's house being situated at the other end of the town. After that she went and gave the lesson that was due; and it was late in the afternoon when she returned home. As she stepped into the hall, she was startled by the sight of a portmanteau standing near the foot of the stairs.

"What's that, Martha?" she asked hastily.

"It's the gentleman, miss, going to London. A telegram come for 'im 'alf an hour ago," Martha answered calmly; and, Mills descending the stairs at that moment, a dressing-bag in one hand and a hat-box in the other, Mademoiselle D'Esterre turned quickly into her sitting-room.

Some minutes later she was startled by the sound of a hurried tapping at the room-door, and Heathcote appeared to say good-bye.

"Or au revoir, rather, since I hope to get back in a few days," he said, looking towards Valentine, who stood, very pale and grave, behind her aunt. He was pale himself, and appeared to be troubled, Madame Dupuy observed, with a feeling of remorse.

"Indeed I hope you will, and that your business may prosper!" she exclaimed, oblivious of the actual features of the situation, and with a mist in her lovely gray eyes.

"Thanks; but I'm afraid luck and I are not on good terms at present," he said with a smile; and then he held out his hand to Valentine. As she placed hers within it, some irresistible impulse moved her to look up and meet his eyes, with a wistful and imploring expression in her own that haunted and puzzled him all the way to town.

Three days later he returned, arriving in the afternoon. Madame Dupuy was out, Martha informed him; but the young lady was in the garden, and she would tell her.

"No—don't trouble; I'll go out to her," he interrupted hastily, and went, leaving Mills to look after the fly and the small amount of luggage he had brought.

Valentine was sitting in the arbor, leaning her elbow on her knee, her cheek upon her hand. Heathcote thought the delicate profile turned towards him looked even more pale than usual; but, as the sound of his footsteps fell upon her ears, and she turned and saw him, the paleness disappeared, and a warm glow of color lighted up her face. She held out her hand in silence.

"I have got back, you see," he said. "I haven't been long away, have I? I counted it up as I came down, and it's only three days; but it seems like three months to me. A lot of things have happened. I should like to tell you."

"Won't you sit down, then?" she said softly.

Heathcote took the seat she indicated, near her own, upon the green-painted bench, and sat pulling his moustache for a moment in silence.

"You knew, I suppose—I told your aunt that it was business called me up to town," he said, suddenly rousing himself, and looking towards her. "It was about that affair of my uncle's will, which I told you of. Old Wade telegraphed that he'd had an extraordinary communication about it, and would be glad to have a talk with me. It was as I suspected when I saw that advertisement. The stepdaughter had turned up, represented by a lawyer, a fellow named Bland, and had impeached the will as a forgery, on the evidence of one of the witnesses, a clerk in my uncle's office, who swears that he was absent from London—strange to say, in this very town—on the day when he was supposed to have witnessed the will. He did not witness a will in which my name was mentioned, but he swears this is not the one, and an expert has pronounced it to be a forgery. The old man must have destroyed the original. This one is supposed to be the production of a fellow named Gould, my uncle's manager—a man whom I saw once, and instantly took a dislike to. What his motive was Heaven only knows; he's certainly a great scoundrel! Whether he got suspicious of an intention to arrest him or not, I can't say; but he disappeared two days ago, leaving the accounts in frightful confusion. I hope there's nothing missing for which they can hold me responsible! Things will go hard enough with me without that."

"You lose everything?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Everything. The girl gets it all. I've drawn very little money, luckily—not more, I think, than my balance at my agent's will meet—and there's nobody but myself to suffer by my downfall. That's the one comfort of being a solitary beggar. You see, dear"—with rather a sad smile—"you did well to turn me off the other day. I thought I'd a fortune to offer you then; now you'd be tied to poverty."

"I am not afraid of poverty," said Mademoiselle D'Esterre in a low tone.

"No; you're too true-hearted girl for that," he agreed, with a sigh. "I know, if you'd taken me that day, you'd have taken me for good or ill, for prosperity or adversity; but—you wouldn't—and now ——"

"And now," she said, in a tremulous voice, "you are rather relieved, I suppose, not to have a wife who would be a burden and a drag upon you."

"What?" he exclaimed, turning round with a look of keen indignation and reproach that thrilled her heart. She had roused him to passion, and now she trembled before the fiery spirit she had raised. "Think you a burden—be glad to be rid of you! Do you know what a cruel thing you are saying? But you don't, or you wouldn't say it, I know! Do you know what a man's love is like, when it is deep and true, the only love of a life? Ah, I would teach you, if——" He paused, drawing a long breath, and the light seemed to die out of his eyes. "If I stood in the same position as when I spoke to you that other day," he said, in a changed, dulled voice; "but I don't—worse luck! Everything is changed with me. I can say nothing—ask for nothing now!"

"Must I speak, then?" said the girl's voice beside him in a whisper—a whisper that seemed to be broken by a faint ripple of tremulous laughter.

"Valentine!" He started, turned, seized her hand, and strove to look into her half-averted face. "What do you mean? Great Heavens, you must mean something! You are not playing with me? Valentine!"

She turned at his appealing cry, and met his eyes, quite simply, with a strange sweet touch of dignity, even though her lips were quivering and her cheeks were scarlet.

"You must think very little of me, too," she said, with a faint smile, "to imagine that anything else you could offer to me would seem more to me than yourself."

* * * * * *

"There is something I want to say to you, Philip," murmured Valentine, some ten minutes later—his arm was around her now, and her head rested against his shoulder—"something, but you must promise first not to be angry with me."

"I think I can promise that," he said, with a light-hearted laugh.

"You must not say anything proud or unkind. Promise that you will not!"

"I am binding myself to too much, I'm afraid; but, come, I'll be generous. I promise—there! Now for this terrible secret."

"It is only this," she said softly. "My father was Henri D'Esterre; my mother married again, after his death, and my stepfather was your uncle. When that forged will was produced, I felt very bitter, for I did not know you except by that letter, which was very insulting and very hard, and I vowed to myself that I would expose the fraud, if it were possible, and right myself. I put my case in Mr. Bland's hands, and came here, and worked in my own name. And then you came; and I knew who you were, and tried to dislike you, but I could not. I tried with all my might; I would not acknowledge to myself that I was growing to care for you more and more. I fought to the very last, but you captured me after all! And now"—she raised her eyes and looked at him through tears, a smile, half-arch, half-wistful, upon her lips—"are you surprised?"

"Yes," he returned thoughtfully. "I believe I am surprised; though, now that I think of it, I wonder I did not guess your secret long ago!"

"I wonder you did not!" she said, with a tremulous laugh. "I'm sure auntie gave you chance enough. She couldn't be discreet to save her life!"

"But you," he retorted, turning her face towards him, and looking down into it with a grave smile—"you can keep a secret, Valentine."

"I will never have one from you again," she whispered. "And you are strong, you can afford to be generous—say that you forgive me, Philip?"

"Darling, I do more than that, I love you!" he said with sudden passion. "But—but this money, Valentine?"

"It belongs to both of us now," she answered, with a happy smile. "There need be no more question between us of mine or thine!"

[THE END].

Along the Congo.

BY S. U. W.

EXCEPT those who have been there, few can even imagine the wild, trackless expanse of the Congo Forest. The ancient trees ranging from one hundred to one hundred and eighty-five feet in height, shut out the light of the sun, causing perpetual twilight; thick undergrowth, briars and thorns impeding progress; lazy creeks meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. The forest and jungle in all stages of growth and decay.

Ants and insects of all kinds, sizes and colors murmur around; monkeys and chimpanzees chatter above; queer noises of strange birds and animals, mighty crashes as troops of elephants rush away through the dense undergrowth, dwarfs with poisoned arrows securely hidden in some dark recess, wild, savage and vindictive, only too ready to slay and kill where they can; rain pattering down, every other day throughout the year, impure atmosphere, gloom all day, darkness palpable all night, form but a faint idea of what the picture is like.

Those who stay at home at ease have but a hazy notion of the perils the traveler encounters, but also they know nothing of the glorious exhilaration of perfect freedom, of the wild, reckless feeling, where a man carries his life in his hand every moment, when he knows not when he awakes in the morning whether sunset will see him still in the land of the living, or whether he will be laid low by one of the various enemies he will have to meet in the course of the day; perhaps by the terribly sharp spears of the strong, brown-bodied aborigines, who stand poised as still as the dead stump beside them, from which they are scarcely to be distinguished till with unerring aim the deadly missile is launched upon its fatal errand; or the mad charge of a herd of buffalo may grind him to pulp beneath the hoofs of the infuriated animals, or again, he may meet annihilation at the hands, or rather the trunk, of some mighty tusker, whom he fondly hoped to turn into profit in the shape of ivory.

All these things and more have I risked, yet here I am, safe and sound in old England, and never felt in peril save once when my gun missed fire at a buffalo, and I shall not have been here to tell this tale had it not been for my trusty fox-terrier, "Nep," who hung on to the huge animal and so hampered its movements that I had time to reload and fire and thus save my carcase from the brute's fury.

Apropos of poor "Nep," as faithful a four-footed friend as man ever had, he was maliciously poisoned shortly afterwards, and I felt his loss more than I can tell.

But it is not so much of myself I wish to speak in this traveler's tale as of Fida, that dusky beauty, and her love.

My chief object in going out to the Congo was shooting. I did not much care what the game was, though I preferred the larger animals for choice, buffaloes and elephants affording most sport; but many an

antelope, buck, and even some hippopotami fell to my gun, though these last I did not care for, they are harmless great monsters wallowing about in Stanley Pool, and it seemed a shame to shoot them; but the hunter's instinct is always to kill, and many a load of ivory have I got through killing tuskers; the natives as a rule content themselves with "dead" ivory, that is, they take the tusks from elephants that die in the jungle, but I preferred the living pachyderm, though the aborigines evidently though I was a fool for my pains, and once when I encountered three tuskers unexpectedly, my Zanzibari "boy," who was carrying my express rifle, which I preferred to the elephant gun, being so much lighter, incontinently turned and fled, leaving me to do the best I could alone. However, I secured four tusks, which was not bad considering. Elephants are not nearly so dangerous as buffaloes. I might have been in a bad plight had they been the latter animals.

But I must return to Fida; my pen runs away with me when I get on the subject of sport, and I could write a volume on my experiences in the Congo.

Fida was the daughter of a Bateki chief a rum-drinking old native, who insisted upon my going through the ceremony of blood-brotherhood with him.

It is by no means a pleasure performance, at least to Europeans, as it consists of eating a bit of goat's liver smeared with the blood of the intending "brother," but it is policy to undergo the ceremony, as the bond is never broken and you are protected while you are in the country belonging to the chief whose brother you have become. Therefore I accepted Mbeka's offer and became blood-kin to him.

I did not accept, however, another offer he was kind enough to make me; this was nothing less than Fida for a wife.

But I did not care for the idea of a dusky bride, and managing to put Mbeka off without offending him. He only wanted the rum, cotton, brass wire and other article he knew I should have to give in return; as I gave him these ungrudgingly, he was quite satisfied, because he could bestow Fida upon the next European he met, and so get another supply of goods.

Fida was about sixteen, with a splendid figure and beautful teeth. Her skin was not quite black, and polished till it shone like bronze. Her hair was short and elaboratoly dressed; it was smeared with oil, and then plaited into numerous little plaits each tied at the end and then turned over the top of the head. It was by no means an unbecoming head-dress, but I learned that it took so long to do that it was seldom taken down, one dressing lasting for months. Her dress, if scanty, was picturesque; it consisted of a short petticoat of dyed and plaited grass and a piece of flowered cotton, procured from the traders, twisted gracefully over one shoulder and under the other arm. Heavy brass wristlets and anklets encircled her slender arms and ankles, though, unlike the women of some neighboring towns, she did not wear round her neck the great solid collar, weighing thirty pounds, which it is the aim of every dusky belle to possess.

Fida was rather shy at first, but the gift of a coral necklace soon won her confidence, and she would come into my tent bringing small offerings, such as skinny fowl or a few diminutive eggs, in return for which I always gave her a bit of finery, a few glass beads, a piece of bright red velveteen or a length of brilliantly-colored ribbon, for, like most savage womankind, she was attracted by anything gaudy, no matter how cheap or common it might be.

The little native interested me, though I had not the slightest desire to become possessed of her by barter as her old father wished I should.

She was very changeful, like an April day, sometimes smiling so as to reveal those splendid teeth of hers, and again sitting silent and depressed, not saying a word.

One day I noticed that she was more taciturn than usual, and thought I saw a tear trembling in the corner of her brilliant eyes.

I asked her what ailed her, but for some time could get nothing intelligible from her.

By dint of coaxing, however, I succeeded at last in getting at the cause of her sorrow.

It appeared that the son of a neighboring chief had cast eyes of affection upon her, which she was not slow in reciprocating.

For a short time the young couple were happy, not thinking of consequences, as is the fashion of youthful lovers all the world over, be they white, brown, or black.

But the dream of bliss was all soon dispelled.

Mayango, alas! was the chief's son, consequently not his heir, the eldest sister's son occupying that enviable position, therefore he was not rich enough to purchase Fida from her avaricious father, who demanded more sheep, goats, fowls, knives, brass wire, rum and the horrible concoction trade anisette, than the unlucky lover could possibly hope to scrape together.

This was the burden of what I could gather from Fida's narrative.

I cheered the girl as well as I could, telling her that I would intercede with her father and see if I would not help Mayango to some of the desired articles, and sent the little savage away radiant, calling upon her fetiches to shower down every blessing upon the good white hunter who was going to work a miracle in her favor.

I told Fida to send her lover to me and I would talk the matter over with him and see what was to be done.

The girl promised faithfully, but I waited in vain; Mayango did not make his appearance that day. I supposed that he must be out hunting and that Fida would come to tell me on the morrow, but the next day passed without a sign of the girl or her lover.

On the third day I determined to seek out Mbeka and learn from him the cause of his daughter's absence. From what I knew of that rum-drinking old negro, I should not have been surprised to find that he had sold his child to somebody else who came up to his notions of what a son-in-law ought to be.

However, in this case my suspicions wronged Mbeka, as I found when I reached his village.

The place was in confusion and only some scores of his wives and female slaves remained in the place. From them I learned that the men with the chief were out hunting the Arab slave-hunters.

It appeared that the Arabs had made a daring raid on the village the very day I had parted with Fida, had carried off that luckless child, together with her lover and some half-dozen other men and women, among them being Mbeka's last married and favorite wife.

This was too much for the old chief to stand; he had called all the warriors together and gone in pursuit of the slave-raiders.

I shuddered when I thought of poor little Fida's probable fate in the hands of those merciless wretches.

Too well I knew what the miserable slaves had to endure in the forced marches, yoked together in cleft trees, heavily manacled and goaded with those terrible whips, the chicottes. I had seen too that horrible instrument of torture for refractory prisoners, the tight iron bracelet, which is welded on the wrist red-hot and which eats into the flesh till the hand swells to an enormous size and at last mortifies, death only releasing the unfortunate victim after almost intolerable suffering.

It made my blood boil to think of the poor girl undergoing such tortures as these.

I resolved to follow Mbeka and his men if possible, to help them recover Fida and her luckless companions.

I hastened back to the camp for my revolvers and trusty express and bade my Zanzibari boys accompany me.

I had no no difficulty in tracking Mbeka and his party, the natives being wonderful hands on the trail.

It was a good many miles we traveled, however, before we came upon any palpable sign of them, and what I saw then gave me a foreboding that Fida's troubles, in this world, were over.

In a clearing were signs that a desperate struggle must have taken place, the high grass was trampled and beaten down, and ominous stains showed that the struggle had not been a bloodless one.

I felt a catch in the breath as I recognised a scrap of dress material I had given Fida, and on this, a crimson stain. I feared that the Arabs, finding themselves closely pressed, had murdered their helpless prisoners, rather than let them escape.

And, in fact, this was what they had done, though not altogether successfully, I found.

Any one who knows the frightful cruelties practised by the Arabs upon the wretched creatures dragged from their homes and families can hardly wonder that, if the natives get a chance, the retaliation should be in kind, but I own I was scarcely prepared for the sickening sight I saw.

Encamped on the banks was Mbeka's party, surrounding some huge native cooking-pots in which something was seething and boiling. What that something was at first I had no idea, but soon a horrible suspicion darted into my mind.

I saw a ghastly line of human fingers tied in strings to the scrub of the riverband, and I knew then that other portions of the late owners were in all probability cooking in those pots, for I saw the eager light in the eyes of the men clustering round, and though not supposed to be cannibals, at least round Stanley Pool, I was aware that they would eat "wajimi" meat, namely, smoked and dried human flesh, when brought down the Aruwimi in canoes by Bangalas, and the prospect of feed off fresh Arab enemy was evidently too strong to be resisted.

I turned away, not wishing to be a witness of the feast, and a little further down the river I saw something which made me quicken my steps in that direction, feeling that my foreboding were realized.

On the ground lay a female figure, and leaning over it a man in the attitude of silent despair. It was Fida, the lids closed over her eyes and the chints she wore dabbled in blood that trickled from a wound in her side.

"Mayango," I said, touching him on the shoulder. He looked up at me with a dull, heavy despair. "She is dead, dead," he groaned, "and Nga-Nkabe too." Then I saw that Mbeka's youngest wife had also fallen a victim to the Arabs, though they had been terribly avenged.

I stooped down and placed my hand over Fida's heart; it was still beating faintly. "She is not dead," I said, but it was some time before I could make Mayango believe that there was a chance of saving her life. I am something of a surgeon, as a man must needs be who takes his life in his hand in the Dark Continent, and I managed to staunch the blood and force a little brandy down her throat.

Savages are usually imperturbable, but I shall never forget Mayango's look of rapture when the eyes he had thought closed for ever opened and smiled into his, and the lips slowly murmured something not intended for my ears, and which I did not hear.

I turned my attention to Mga-Nkabe, who was still lying where she had fallen, unheeded by her husband, who was too busily engaged to spare any time to look after her hurts.

I soon found, however, that she was past all aid, her jaw had dropped and her limbs were already stiffening in the rigidity of death; the Arab's aim had been truer in her case than in Fida's, though the latter had a narrow escape of her life.

Presently the feasters, having furnished their repast, appeared, and then Fida and the dead woman was carried back to Mbeka's village.

The old chief took the death of his favorite wife very coolly; perhaps he knew that he could easily purchase one as young and, not fair, but dusky; perhaps he was satisfied at the vengeance he had wreaked upon the Arab slave-raiders; anyway, he made no show of mourning Nga-Nkabe's untimely decease.

Little Fida eventually recovered, and I had the pleasure of helping to install her in her husband's kraal.

Whether her married life was all her fancy pictured it would be I cannot say, but I know that while I remained on the Congo both she and Mayango always showed a lively gratitude for the help I had been able to render them.

THE WIDOW'S CAP.—Widow's caps are said originally to have been neither more nor less than nun's coifs. In the wild old days, when might was right, women's lives and honor often, their possessions certainly, depended greatly on the strength and position of their male defenders; so when a woman, be she wife or daughter, lost her natural protector, she usually retired, for the time of her mourning, to a convent, and, without taking the vows, adopted the habit of a nun.

A woman being in those days as much a piece of property as a horse or a cow, was seldom, if ever, allowed to remain unwedded, unless under the protection of the Church, especially if rich. So, until she felt able to return to the world, and take her chance of her guardian's pleasure, she stayed on at the convent, from whose protection no one could remove her against her will.

Later, in more settled times, widows, without leaving their homes, adopted the nun's dress, as a symbol of the Church's protection during their widowhood, and little by little the dress lost its conventual character.

Is there any difference between the pride a preacher has in a title and that a woman has in a breastpin?

Bric-a-Brac.

RED PAINT.—Like ourselves, the Ashantees hold that drunkenness forms no excuse for crime; but, by way of preventing, so far as possible, any untoward results happening through intoxication, any one who feels that way disposed is under an obligation to streak his forehead with dashes of red paint. This danger-signal warns quiet-going people to keep clear of the decorated one.

MARRIAGE.—The marriage ceremony practiced by the people of Borneo is said to be very short and simple. Bride and groom are brought out before the assembled crowd with great solemnity and seated side by side. A betel nut is then cut in two by the medicine woman of the tribe, and one-half is given to the groom. They begin to chew the nut, and then the old woman, after some sort of incantation, knocks their heads together and they are declared man and wife.

OIL OF NEROLI.—By distillation with water, orange-flowers afford an essential oil, the essence or oil of neroli; and the water from which this is separated is sold as orange-flower water. The oil received its name from having been used in the seventeenthth century by Anne Marie, wife of the Prince of Nerola or Neroli, as a perfume for her gloves. It possesses in a concentrated degree the fragrance of the flowers, and is much used in perfumes of various kinds. Orange-flower water is used in pharmacy to flavor mixtures, and sometimes in cooking.

THE COMPASS PLANT.—On the Western prairie is found what is called the compass plant, which is of great value to travelers. The long leaves at the base of its stem are placed, not flat as in plants generally, but in a vertical position, and present their edges north and south. The peculiar propensity of the plant is attributed to the fact that both surfaces of its leaves display an equal receptivity for light, whereas the upper surfaces of the leaves of most plants are more sensitive to light than the lower, the leaves thus assume a vertical position, and point north and south. Travelers on dark nights are said to feel the edges of the leaves to ascertain the point of the compass.

DANGEROUS JUMPING.—It is one thing to jump from a great height into open space such as that of the sea, and it is another thing to jump down one hundred and twenty feet into a well. This feat may be seen performed any day at Delhi in India. So proficient are the men and boys who leap down the distance, both into a tank from the top of a mosque and into a narrow well, that whilst descending they purposely sprawl about in the air and display queer antics; but the moment they near the water they suddenly straighten out their bodies, and plunge down, arrow-like, with scarcely a splash. A dozen men and boys can be got at any hour to perform this feat for the modest fee of about threepence a leap.

SINGLENESS OF PURSUIT.—An absolute singleness of pursuit almost, means a mind always in one pursuit, an eye that regards every object, however many-sided, from one point of view, an intellectual diety beginning and ending with one article. Exclusiveness of this kind is apt to produce serious evils. It disposes each man to exaggerate the force and value of his particular attainment, and perhaps therewith his own importance. It deprives the mind of the refreshment which is healthfully afforded by alternation of labor, and of the strength, as well as the activity, to be gained by allowing varied subjects to evoke and put in exercise its wonderfully varied powers.

MILES.—The measurement, in English yards, of the different lengths of a mile in several countries is as follows: Arabian mile, 2148; Austrian mile, 8236; Bohemian mile, 10,137; Brabant mile, 6082; Burgundian mile, 6183; Danish mile, 8244; Dutch mile, 6395; English mile, 1760; English mile, geographical, 2025; English mile, nautical, 6080; Flemish mile, 6869; German mile, long, 10,126; German mile, short, 6850; German mile, geographical, 8100; Hamburg mile, 8244; Hanoverian mile, 11,550; Hessian mile, 10,547; Hungarian mile, 9113; Irish mile, ancient, 2240; Italian mile, 2025; Lithuanian mile, 9780; Oldenburgh mile, 10,820; Persian mile, 6080; Polish mile, long, 8100; Polish mile, short, 6071; Prussian mile, 8237; Roman mile, 1638; Russian, verst, 1166; Saxon mile, 9904; Scotch mile, ancient, 1984; Spanish mile, 4635; Swedish mile, 11,700; Swiss mile, 9153; Tuscan mile, 1808; United States mile, 1760.

JUST AS OF OLD!

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

As, hand in hand, by the purling stream,
We sit as the sun sinks low,
Our thoughts fly back, in a hazy dream,
To the days of the long ago!
For nought seems chang'd since, in far-off years,
We here to our trystings come,
And whisper'd then of our hopes and fears,
While the stream flow'd on the same!
Just as of old, love, just as of old,
Mingle our hearts while our hands we enfold!

Tho' years and years to their rest have gone,
And gold now has turn'd to gray,
We gaze the scenes of our youth upon,
Tho, it were but yesterday!
For sweet, so sweet, has life's journey been,
That its days we would reclaim,
And see once more what its hours have seen,
Whilst the stream flows on the same!
Just as of old, love, just as of old,
Mingle our hearts while our hands we enfold!

A Woman's Trust.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY OLIVIA," "GWEN DALES' ORDEAL," "MOLLY'S MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV—(CONTINUED).

FLEMING colored and looked injured, and opened his lips, but he did not say anything, and Yorke, left alone again, leant his head on his hand and gave himself up to gloomy reverie.

A man in possession in the next room; a summons to appear in a debtors' court; his name in the newspaper as a ruined man: it was all bad enough, but he scarcely felt it. He had endured the maximum of suffering when he had become convinced that Leslie had jilted him, and this—well, this was, so to speak, almost a relief and a diversion. And yet the disgrace! He passed a very bad half-hour in that dressing-room; a half-hour, in which there rose the spectre of an ill-spent past, in which follies marched in ghostly procession before him, and all as they promenaded by, whispered hoarsely, "Ruin!" And yes through it all he saw more plainly than anybody else the sweet face of Leslie, the only woman he had ever loved; the woman who had seemed to him an angel of truth and constancy, but who had deserted him the moment she had heard that he was not a duke.

Fleming meanwhile had put on his hat and sallied into the street. He had left his beloved master utterly reckless and indifferent, and therefore it rested with him, the devoted servant, to display all the more energy. That he should sit still and see Lord Yorke drift into utter ruin and destruction was simply impossible.

"Something's got to be done," he said to himself, "and I've got to do it. He isn't going to appear at the court, not if I know it. What! my guv'nor, the cousin of a duke, to come up before a beak, some miserable City Alderman." Fleming's ideas of the City law courts were, like his master's hazy. "Certainly not! not if I have to move heaven and earth. Now, if the duke was at home I could see Mr. Grey, and we could arrange this little matter between us; but as he isn't, why the thing to do is to go to the next person, and that is, naturally, Lady Eleanor Dallas. It isn't likely that she'd see Lord Yorke in such a hole as this without helping him, and she's rich, and richer than ever lately. I'll try her."

He called a hansom and had himself driven to Kensington Palace-gardens.

"Anyhow, her ladyship can only refuse to see me," he said to himself. "But I don't think she will," and "he winked the other eye." Oh, my friends, do you think our servants are deaf, and dumb, and blind? They know all our little secrets, all our little difficulties, all our little entanglements. There is scarcely a letter we receive that, unless we lock it up securely, they do not read. No friend ever visits us but they know all about him and his, and whom his daughter is engaged to, or why the engagement is broken off. Therefore let us be grateful to a kind Providence for the servants who are also humble and trusty friends, such as was Fleming.

When he reached Kensington Palace-gardens he was told by one of the footmen that Lady Eleanor was engaged.

"You've come with a message from Lord Auchester, Mr. Fleming, I suppose?" said the footman. Fleming was an "upper servant," and was always addressed by those beneath him as "Mr."; and he was very much respected on his own account as one had who saved money was in "good society."

"Well, no, I haven't," said Fleming, gravely and a little pompously; "I've come on business of my own."

The footman took his name into the boudoir where Lady Eleanor was sitting with no other than Mr. Ralph Duncombe.

She flushed slightly.

"It is Lord Auchester's valet," she said.

Ralph Duncombe looked up with a slight start.

"I do not wish him to see me, Lady Eleanor," he said.

"No, no; oh, no! I understand," she assented nervously.

"And yet I should like to know what he has to say."

Lady Eleanor pointed to a large, Japanese screen which cut off one of the corners of the room.

"He will not be here many minutes," she said.

Ralph Duncombe went behind the screen, and Lady Eleanor rang the bell and told the footman she would see Fleming.

He came in looking rather nervous and embarrassed, for it was a bold thing he was going to do, and he knew that Lady Eleanor could look and speak haughtily and sternly when she was displeased.

"You want to see me, Fleming," she said, graciously enough. "Is it a message from Lord Auchester?"

"No, my lady," he said, and, like a man of the world, he went straight to the point. "No, my, his lordship does not know that I have come, and if he had known I was coming I'm sure he would forbidden me; but I ventured to intrude on your ladyship, knowing that you and my master were old friends, if I may say so."

"Certainly you may say so, Fleming," said Lady Eleanor pleasantly, and looking as if she were expecting anything but bad news.

"Well, my lady, my master is in a terrible trouble," he said, plunging still further into the business.

"In terrible trouble!" echoed Lady Eleanor, and her face flushed. "What do you mean, Fleming?"

"It's money matters, my lady," said Fleming gravely, and looking round as if he feared an eavesdropper. "His lordship—I'm obliged to speak freely, my lady, or else you won't understand; but it's out of no disrespect to his lordship, who has been the best of masters of me——"

"Say what you have to say quite without reserve," said Lady Eleanor in a low voice.

"Well, my lady, I was going to say that his lordship has already been hard up, as you may say; there's always been a difficulty with the money. It's usual with high-spirited gentlemen like Lord Yorke," he said apologetically. "They don't know, and can't be expected to know, the value of money, like common ordinary folk, and so they—well, they outrun the constable."

"Lord Auchester is in debt?" said Lady Eleanor guardedly.

"It's worse than that, my lady," said Fleming. "That would be nothing; for ever since I've been in his service he has been in debt. But now the people he owes money to want him to pay them.

He gave the information as if it were the most extraordinary and unnatural conduct on the part of any creditor of Lord Auchester's that he should want payment.

"Persons who owe money must pay it sometimes, Fleming," suggested Lady Eleanor.

"Yes, oh yes, my lady; sometimes," admitted Fleming, "but not all at once! It seems as if all the people my lord owed money to had joined together and resolved to drop upon him in a heap! There's a man in possession in Bury-street, my lady!"

"A man in possession?" repeated Lady Eleanor, as if she scarcely understood.

"Yes, a bailiff, my lady. Sitting there in his lordship's sitting-room; and I daren't throw him out of window——"

Lady Eleanor looked down.

"And—and Lord Yorke, Fleming; I suppose he is in great trouble about this?"

Fleming hesitated.

"Well, my lady, he's in great trouble; but if you mean is he cut up about this money matter, I can't say that he is. He don't seem to care one bit about it and takes it as cool and as indifferent as it—well, as if nothing mattered. But he's in great trouble for all that, he has been for weeks past——" He hesitated.

Lady Eleanor looked up.

"You had better tell me everything, I think, Fleming," she said in a low voice.

"Well, my lady, it's just this. His lordship had a blow or disappointment of some kind. It isn't betting or card-playing, or I should have heard of it: for his lordship generally makes some remarks, such as 'I've had a good day, Fleming,' or 'I'm stone broke, Fleming,' so that I know what kind of luck he's had; it's not that. It's something worst," he put in philosophically. "A little while ago his lordship was in the very best spirits; I never saw him in better, and he's a light-hearted gentleman, as you know, my lady; I'm speaking of the time when he came back from that place in the country where he and his grace the duke were—Portmaris."

Lady Eleanor leant her head on her hand so that her face was hidden from him.

"Then all of a sudden a change came, and his lordship got bad, very bad. It was dreadful to see him, my lady. Ate nothing, cared for nothing. Scarcely ever spoke. Nothing but smoke, smoke all day, and wander in and out, looking like the ghost of himself. And he who used to be so bright and cheerful, with the laugh ever ready! I'd have given something to have spoken a word and asked him what was the matter: but—well, my lady, with all his pleasantness, my master's the last gentleman to take a liberty with."

"You don't know what it was—this trouble, disappointment?" said Lady Eleanor almost inaudibly.

Fleming hesitated, and glanced at her; then he coughed discreetly behind his hand. It was sufficient answer, and Lady Eleanor's face grew red.

"Whatever it was that made him so happy and cheerful it was knocked on the head and put an end to, my lady," he said. "And so it is that this regular smash-up of affairs—I mean these summonses and man in possession—don't seem to affect him. You see, my lady, he was as low down as he could be already. Sometimes ——" He stopped and looked down at the carpet very gravely and anxiously.

"Well?"

"Well, my lady, it's not for me to say such a thing; but I've been almost afraid to let him out of my sight in the morning, and I've been truly thankful to see him come in at night."

Lady Eleanor drew a long breath and shuddered.

"You mean—"

"Men when they're down as low as my master rush things sometimes, my lady," said Fleming in a solemn whisper.

Lady Eleanor's face went white, and she put her hand to her delicate throat as if she were suffocating.

"You—you should not say—hint at such horrible things, Fleming," she panted.

"I—I beg your ladyship's pardon," he said humbly; but it's the truth, and—and I thought I ought to tell you, being his lordship's friend."

"Yes—yes, I am his friend," she said, as if she scarcely knew what she was saying. "And I will try to help him."

Fleming's face brightened.

"Oh, my lady——" he said gratefully.

"Stop!" she said, "Your master, Lord Yorke, must not know," and her pale face grew crimson.

"Oh, no, my lady! Certainly not! Why, if his lordship ever knew that I'd come to you——" He stopped, and shook his head.

"I understand," said Lady Eleanor. "No! Lord Yorke must never know—no one must know!"

"I should have gone to the duke, my lady, but his grace is abroad, as no doubt your ladyship knows——"

Lady Eleanor turned her head aside. She and Ralph Duncombe had timed the attack on Yorke for the moment when the duke should be beyond reach.

"His grace would have helped my master, I know; and I'd have made bold to write to him, but there isn't time."

Lady Eleanor inclined her head.

"No, no," she said. "He must not know—no one must know. You need not be anxious any longer, Fleming. You were right in coming to me, and—and——" She sank into the chair.

Fleming heaved a sigh of relief.

"Very well, my lady. I don't know much about it, but the person who seems the principal in this set upon his lordship is a man named Duncombe, a money-lender, I expect. They takes all sorts of names. I wish I had him to myself for a quarter of an hour, I'd teach him to put a man in possession—begging your ladyship's pardon," he broke off.

Lady Eleanor's face reddened, and she glanced towards the screen.

"You had better go back now, Fleming," she said, "and—and don't leave Lord Auchester more than you can help. And, remember, not one word that might lead him to guess that you have been to me!"

"You may be sure I shall be careful, for my own sake, my lady," said Fleming, with quiet emphasis, and with a bow in which gratitude and respect were fairly divided, he left the room.

Ralph Duncombe came from behind the screen, and looking down at Lady Eleanor, whose proud head was bowed upon her hands.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

She looked up.

"Set him free at once—at once!" she responded, with feverish impetuosity. "Did you not hear the man?" That he actually feared his master would——" She shuddered. "This meant come to an end at once! It will drive him mad!"

Ralph Duncombe smiled grimly.

"I heard the man say that it was not the trouble that was affecting Lord Auchester," he said. "It seems to me, Lady Eleanor, that we have taken a great deal of trouble for nothing. This marriage, which you so much dreaded, was broken off before our plans to prevent it were put in operation. The—the young lady had disappeared——"

She looked up suddenly, as he stopped and bit his lip.

"Disappeared? How do you know?" she exclaimed breathlessly.

His face was as pale as hers, but set and stern.

"Well, I thought I had better run down to this place, Portmaris, and see for myself how matters were going," he said in a tone of business-like coolness and indifference, "and—and I found that Miss—what is her name?" he asked, as if he had forgotten.

"Lisle—Leslie Lisle," said Lady Eleanor.

"Ah, yes! Miss Lisle had flown."

"Flown?"

"Yes. Flown and disappeared. Disappeared so completely that all my efforts to discover her have failed."

He still spoke calmly and with affected indifference; but if she herself had not been so agitated she would have noticed the pallor of his face and the restless movement of his hands.

"What—what do you think it means?" she asked in a whisper.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"A lover's quarrel—but no, it is more serious than that. Yes, I should say that the engagement was broken off for some reason or other; so that you have had all this trouble and expense for nothing, Lady Eleanor."

"And you cannot find her! Disappeared?"

He took up his hat.

"Disappeared," he repeated grimly.

"And that is why he is so wretched and unhappy!" she said with a sigh. "How—how he must love her, after all!" and her head drooped.

Ralph Duncombe moistened his lips.

"Yes," he said. "But perhaps she did not care for him. Any way, you see it is she who had left him, not he who has left her."

"Yes!" she said, and she pushed the hair from her fair forehead with an impatient, bewildered gesture. "Ah, I cannot understand it. The engagement broken off! Disappeared. But there must be an end to these law proceedings now, Mr. Duncombe."

"There can be only one way of terminating them," he said.

"And that?"

"Is by paying the money into the court," he said. "The thing has gone too far off."

"I see," she said; then she held out her hand. "I will send or come to you in the morning. I am too confused and—and upset even to think at this moment."

* * * * * *

Fleming hastened back to Bury-street, and found Yorke sitting as he had left him, with the formidable-looking letters and papers littered round him.

Fleming picked them up and put them away, and got out Yorke's dress clothes.

"Don't trouble, Fleming; I shall dine at home," said Yorke; but Fleming went on with his preparations.

"Very sorry, my lord, but the kitchen grate is out of order." He didn't intend that his master should eat his dinner in company with a man in possession. "Better go and dine at the club, my lord, if I may make so bold."

Yorke got up with a grim smile.

"Perhaps you're right, Fleming," he said listlessly. "I suppose they never have anything the matter with the kitchen grate at Holloway, or whatever other quod it is they send people to who can't pay their debts. And how about these clothes, Fleming? Perhaps our friend in the next room will object to my walking out in them."

"I'd punch his head if he was to offer a remark on the subject," said Fleming fiercely. "I beg your lordship's pardon.

If I might say a word, my lord, I'd implore your lordship not to take this business too much to heart, not to worry too much over it. You can never tell what may turn up——"

Yorke laughed drearily as he allowed Fleming to dress him.

"I won't," he said. "To tell you the truth, I don't feel so cut up as you'd imagine, or as I ought, Fleming. I feel"—he stopped and looked around absently—"well, as if I were another fellow altogether, and I was just looking on, half sorry and half amused."

"Yes, that's right. Keep feeling like that, my lord," said Fleming, cheeringly. "Depend upon it it will all come right."

Yorke shrugged his shoulders.

"I daresay," he said indifferently. "Don't sit up for me; I may be late."

He came in a little after two in the morning, and Fleming would have been almost glad if his beloved master had shown signs of having spent a "warm" night; but Yorke was "more than sober," and looked only weary and sick at heart, as he had done for weeks past.

"Oh, by the way, Fleming," he said, as he took off his coat, and as if he had suddenly remembered it, "you must call me pretty early to-morrow. I have to be down in the City, you know."

That was all.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A CITY law court is not exactly the place in which to spend a happy day—unless you happen to be a lawyer engaged in a profitable case there; and Yorke, as he entered the stuffy, grimy, murky chamber, looked round with a feeling of surprise and grim interest.

Upon the bench sat the judge in a much worn gown and a grubby wig. A barrister was droning away in the "well" of the court, and his fellows were sleeping or stretching and yawning around him. The "public" was represented by half a dozen seedy-looking individuals, who all looked as if they had not been to bed for a month, and had forgotten to wash themselves for a like period. There was an usher, who yawned behind his hand; one or two police with wooden countenances; and two or three wretched-looking individuals who were, like Yorke, defendants in various suits.

The entrance of this stalwart, well-dressed, and decidedly distinguished and aristocratic personage created a slight sensation for a minute or two, then he seemed to be forgotten, and he stood and looked on and wondered how soon his case would be heard, and whether he would be carried away to gaol forthwith.

He waited for some half hour or so, feeling that he was growing dirty and grimy like the rest of the people around him; and gradually the sense of the disgrace and humiliation of his position stole over him. Great Heavens! to what a pass had he come! He had lost Leslie; he was now to lose good name and honor—everything! Would it not be better for himself and everybody connected with him if he went outside and purchased a dose of prussic acid!

The suspense, the stuffy court, the droning voice of the counsel began to drive him mad.

He went up to the usher.

"Can you tell me when my case comes on?" he said.

The man looked at him sleepily.

"Your case—what name?" he asked, without any "sir," and with a kind of drowsy impertinence which seemed to be in strict harmony with the air of the place.

"Anchester," said Yorke; "I am the—the defendant."

"Horchester? Don't know. Ask the clerk," said the man.

With a sick feeling of shame Yorke went up to the man pointed out by the usher, and put the same question to him.

"Anchester? Duncombe versus Archer, Levison versus Anchester. Haarons versus Anchester?" said the clerk in a dry, business-like way.

"Yes. I daresay that's it," said Yorke, hating the sound of his own name.

The clerk looked down a list, then raised his eyes with the faintest of smiles.

"Scratched out," he said curtly.

"Scratched out?" echoed Yorke bluntly.

"Yes, sir—my lord," said theclerk, who while looking at the list had come upon Yorke's title. "The cases have been removed from the list: settled."

"Settled? I don't understand," said Yorke, staring at him. "I've only just come down; I've paid nothing."

"Someone else has then, my lord," said the clerk. "Half a minute, till this case is heard; it will be over directly, and I'll explain."

Yorke, feeling like a man in a dream, slipped into a corner and waited, and presently the court adjourned, for luncheon, and the clerk came towards him.

"This way, my lord." He led Yorke into an office. "Now, my lord. Yes, all all the cases have been discharged from the list. Been settled this morning——"

"This morning!" echoed Yorke mechanically, and with a sort of amazement "But—but who—I don't know who could have done this. I have not, for the best of all reasons. I came down here prepared to go to prison or wherever else you sent me——"

The clerk raised his brows and shook his head gravely.

"Yes, you would have been committed, my lord, for a certainly," he said. "You see, you let things slide too long. But there is no fear now—the money, all of it, has been paid. You are quite free now, quite; I congratulate your lordship."

"But—but," stammered Yorke, and he put his hand to his brow, "who can have done it—paid it? Is it—the Duke of Rothbury?"

Could Dolph have heard of it in some extraordinary way and sent the money?

The clerk went into the inner office for a few moments, then he came back a slip of paper in his hand.

"I don't know whether I am doing right, my lord," he said gravely and even cautiously. "Perhaps I ought not to give you this information; but trust to your lordship's discretion. You won't get me into a scrape, my lord?"

"No, no!" said Yorke. "Who is it?"

The clerk handed him the slip of paper.

It was a cheque on Coutts for a large—a very large—sum. And it was signed "Eleanor Dallas."

"Eleanor!" the name broke in a kind of sigh from Yorke's lips, and his face reddened. But it was pale again as he handed the cheque back to the clerk.

"Thank you," he said. He stood and looked vacantly before him, as if he had forgotten where he was; then he woke with a start.

"Then—I can go?" he said.

"Certainly, my lord," said the clerk. "As I said, you are quite free. There are no actions against you now; everything is squared—paid."

Yorke thanked him again, wished him good day, and got outside.

"Everything paid—and by Eleanor!" He repeated this as he walked from the City to the West; as he tramped slowly, with downcast head, across Hyde Park. He told himself that he ought to be grateful, that he could not feel too grateful to the woman who had come to his aid and saved him from ruin and disgrace.

But he knew why she had done it, and he knew what he ought to do in return: the least he could do was to go and kneel at her feet and ask her to accept the life which she had snatched from disgrace. And why shouldn't he? The only woman he had ever loved had proved false, and mercenary, and base; and there was nothing now to prevent him asking Lady Eleanor to be his wife: and yet, alas, alas! he could not get that other girl out of his mind or heart.

He thought of her, she haunted him, as he walked along; the clear gray eyes, so tender one moment, so full of fire and spirit the next; the dark hair, the graceful figure, the sweet voice. "Oh, Leslie, Leslie, if you had but been true!" was the burden of his heart's wail.

He looked up and found himself close upon Palace-gardens; unconsciously his feet had turned in that direction. He rang the bell at Lady Eleanor's. Yes, her ladyship was at home, the footman said, and said it in the confident tone which a servant uses when he knows that his mistress will be glad to see the visitor.

Yorke followed the man to the small drawing-room. Lady Denby was there tying up some library books. She started slightly as she saw his altered appearance, but she was too complete a woman of the world to let him see the start.

"Why, Yorke," she said, "what a stranger you are! We were only thinking of you this morning at breakfast, and wondering where you were. Have you been away? Sit down—or tie up these tiresome books for me, will you? They slip and slide about in the most aggravating way. I'll go and tell Eleanor; I fancy she was going out."

She met Lady Eleanor in the hall and drew her aside.

"Yorke is in there, Eleanor," she said.

"Yorke!" Lady Eleanor repeated the name, and started—almost guiltily, almost palpably.

"Yes—I came to tell you and—well, yes, prepare you. I don't want you to do what I did—jump as if I'd seen a bogie man. He has been ill, or up to some devilry or other, and he looks—well, I can't tell you how he looks. It gives me a shock. I thought I'd prepare you——"

Lady Eleanor touched her hand.

"Thank you, dear. No, I won't look shocked. He looks very ill?"

"Very ill; oh, worse than ill. Like a man who has robbed a church—and been found out; or lost everything he counted dear."

Lady Eleanor put her handkerchief to her lips: they were trembling.

"I don't mind what he has been doing," she said.

"Oh, my poor Eleanor!"

"No, I don't. I'll go in now. Don't let anyone disturb us. He—he may have come to see me, to talk about something."

She went into the room, and Yorke turned to meet her. It was well that she had been fore-warned of the change in his appearance; as it was, she could scarcely repress the cry that rose to her lips.

"Well, Yorke," she said, with affected lightness. "Tying up aunt's books; that is so like her! No one can come near her without getting employed. What a shame to worry you!"

"It doesn't worry me," he said. He leant against the table and looked down at her. 'There is a picture of Millais'; it is called 'A Hot-house Flower,' we think, which Lady Eleanor might have sat for that morning—so delicate, so graceful, so refined and blanche was her beauty. She wore a loose dress of soft cashmere, cream in color, almost Greek in contour; her hair was like gold, her eyes placid, yet tender with a touch of subdued sadness and anxiety in them. A charming, an irresistible picture, and one that appealed to this man with the storm-beaten heart aching in his bosom.

She glanced up at him; saw the haggard face; the dark hollows under the eyes; that indescribable look which pain and despair and utter abandonment produce as plainly as the die stamps the hall-mark on the piece of silver; and her heart yearned for him, for his love—yearned for the right to comfort and soothe him. Ah, if he would only have it so, if he would only let her, how happy she would make him! All this—and how much more!—she felt; but she looked quite placid and serene, like a dainty lily unstirred by the wind, and said in her soft voice—

"We were thinking of advertising for you, Yorke. Have you been away?"

He might have answered, "Yes, I have been in the Valley of Sorrow and Tribulation, in the Desert of Dead Love and Slain Hope;" but instead he replied—

"No, just here in London; but I have been busy."

She looked up and smiled.

"Busy! That sounds so strange—and so comic—coming from you."

"And yet it is true," he said. "I have been busy thinking." If there was a touch of bitterness in his voice she did not notice it. "And that's hard work for me—it's so new, you see."

There was silence for a moment. He tied the string with which he had been tying up the books in his hand, and fidgeted with it restlessly. Lady Eleanor drifted gently into small talk. Had he been to the Chrysanthemum Show at the Temple? Had he noticed that the Duchess of Orloffe was not going to give her autumn ball? Did he——

He broke in suddenly as if he had not been listening, his voice hoarse and thick.

"Eleanor, why did you do it?"

She started, and her eyes opened upon him.

"Why did I do what, Yorke?" she said.

"Why did you fling so much money away upon a worthless scamp?" His face went white, then red.

"Who told you?" she breathed apprehensively.

"They told me down at the Court, where I had gone to be disgraced," he said. "And you saved me. How can I thank you, Eleanor? How can I? And you would have done it in secret—would have kept it from me!"

"Yes, oh yes," she murmured, her head drooping. "Don't, don't say anything about it. It is nothing, nothing."

She looked up at him eagerly, pleadingly.

"Yorke, you will not think badly of me because I did it! Why shouldn't I! I am rich, you don't know how rich. And what better could I do with the stupid money than give it to a—a friend who needed it more, ten thousand times more, than I do or ever shall? Don't be angry with me, Yorke!"

"Angry!" The blood flew to his face and his eyes glowed. He drew nearer to the low chair in which she sat; he knelt on one knee beside her.

"Eleanor, I am utterly worthless—you know that quite well. I was not worth the saving: but as you have saved me, will you accept me? Eleanor, will you be my wife?"

Her face went white with the ecstasy which shot through her heart. Oh, for how long had she thirsted, hungered for those words from his lips! And they had come at last.

"Will you be my wife, Eleanor? I will try to make you happy; I will do my best, Heaven helping, to be a good husband to you! Stop, dear! if you act wisely you will send me about my business. There are fifty, a hundred better men who love you; you could scarcely have a worse than I. But if you will say 'yes,' I will try and be less unworthy of you. At any rate I will never forget all I owe you, never forget that you saved me from ruin and disgrace. Now, dear?"

She put out her hand to him without a word; then as he took it her passion burst through the bonds in which she sought to constrain it, and she bent forward and dropped upon his breast.

"Yorke, Yorke, you know!" came through her parted lips. "You know I love you—have always loved you!"

"My poor Eleanor!" he said, almost, indeed quite, pityingly. "Such a worthless lot as I am."

"No, no!" she panted. "No, no; the best, the highest to me! and—and if you were not, it would be all the same. Oh, Yorke, be good, be kind to me, for you are all the world to me!"

* * * * * *

They sat and talked, hand in hand, for some time, and once during that talk he said—

"By the way, Eleanor, how did you hear I was in such a mess? How did you come to know it?"

It was a very natural question under the circumstances; but Lady Eleanor started and turned white, absolutely white with fear.

"No, no," not one word will I ever say or let you say about this stupid money business!" she exclaimed; then she raised his hand and put it against her cheek. "Why, sir, what does it matter? It was only—only lending it to you for a little time, you see. It will all be yours—soon!"

Lady Denby came in after a discreet cough outside, but Lady Eleanor did not move or take her hand from Yorke's.

"Oh!" said Lady Denby.

"Eleanor has made me very happy, Lady Denby," said Yorke rising, but still holding Lady Eleanor's hand.

"Oh!" said Lady Denby again. "What do you want me to say; that you deserve it? No, thank you. I couldn't tell such an obvious fib. What I am going to say in the shape of congratulation is—that she is much too good for you."

"That is so," he said, with a grim smile.

"You'll stay to dinner," murmured Lady Eleanor. "You will stay, Yorke?"

"Yes," he said, bending down and kissing her. "Yes, thanks; but I must go and change my things; I'm awfully dirty and seedy."

She went with him to the door, as if she begrudged every moment that he should be out of her sight, and he still smiled after he had left her, and had got half way down the gardens; then suddenly he stopped and looked round him with a ghastly look.

And yet it was only the face of Leslie that now flashed across his mental vision—only the face of the girl who had jilted him.

"My God, shall I never forget her!" he muttered hoarsely; "not even now!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMBITION.—That life is a poor one which is without ambition—which has no object to work for, no height to strive to reach. A person may be good and kind-hearted while willing to live in idle ignorance and let the world go on growing in wealth and wisdom without his taking an active part and interest in its onward movements—he may be good, but most certainly he is dull of mind and sluggish of body. No individual destitute of ambition will make his mark in the world. He will come and go; few will note his coming, and few will grieve at his going. Ambition it is that gives men the energy and the will and the determination to accomplish great things.

THE single-tax system advocated by Henry George has been adopted for Hyattsville, Md., by the Commissioners of that town; but the legality of their action has been questioned by some of the citizens.

STAR OF MY HEART.

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

Star of my heart! that ever glows
With radiance supreme,
Fair was the hour thy light arose,
Sweet as the sweetest dream!
Never, till then, within my breast,
Had perfect love been known;
Now it is there, to live and rest,
For thee, and thee alone!

Star of my heart! ne'er cease to shine
Whilst life is left to me!
All of my thoughts, my love, are thine,
Now, and thro' years to be!
Never thy light from me withhold,
Nor one soft beam deny,
Never till gray usurps the gold,
Or lost to life I lie!

A Strange Will.

BY H. F. L.

"TO OLGA REDSTONE I bequeath all my property, both personal and landed. This in reward for her devoted nursing during my long illness, for which the voice of her own conscience will also reward her. In order to inherit her fortune, Olga Redstone must marry my son Richard Kitterby as soon as possible after my death. They must spend the first year of their married life at The Chase, never passing one night away from its roof, never entertaining guests or having society other than their own. A sealed letter is in the hands of my lawyer. My son Richard is to open and read this on the first anniversary of my death. Should either Olga or Richard fail to comply with these conditions I bequeath all I possess to King Arthur's Hospital for Incurables. If they do, my dying thoughts and wishes go with them."

Only Olga and Richard were present at the reading of the will. Only they had any interest, any kin with the dead man.

A great flash of triumph shot from her eyes as she listened; a look, however, which was succeeded by one of gloom and ill-ease. Richard Kitterby was triumphant too, but puzzled. To marry Olga had been the dream of his life, now to be realized. Yet he was at a loss to account for his father's strange disposition of his property. There had been a bitter feud between him and the dead man, and Olga was the cause. For Olga's sweet sake he had become an alien from his father's house, and faced poverty, risked being disinherited.

To-day, this golden autumn day, was the first time he had visited The Chase for four years. Four years had passed since the old man, white with rage, had pointed to the door and sworn he should never enter it again. Four years! Since then he had never seen his father. He had not sent for him when he lay dying, his eyes had not rested on that set, still face in death—a face, he wistfully thought, which might have shown signs of forgiveness, might in the coffin have worn that last fixed smile which tells of peace—peace with the world and death to all feud and heartburning.

He had never understood his father's savage objection to Olga as a daughter-in-law; he could not understand how at the last he had not only relented but had practically forced them into marriage, a marriage weighted with such weird conditions.

Olga came round to his side: he felt her cool white hand steal into his. They were alone, alone in the great bare room, with its high, heavily framed windows and dusty furniture. The walls were of oak: the only picture which relieved their sombreness was an oil painting of Josiah Kitterby. He seemed to frown down on them as they stood hand in hand, strong in their love, their coming happiness. Its eyes looked out deep and burning, from a face worn with disease. To the excited Olga's fancy hate gleamed from them. Yet Josiah had ever been kind to her.

"Come away," she whispered, "into the garden—into the air."

They went out in the autumn evening. The dying sun threw a lurid glow on the faces of the two—his so blonde and English, hers so dark and beautiful, like a gipsy queen's.

"Did he forgive me before he died?" asked Richard.

"He never mentioned your name. How cruel he was; how pitilessly firm to the last."

"And yet he has joined our hands," said Richard.

"Yes," she said, shuddering. "I know, and yet——" Her face blanched, the great dark eyes had a look of terror in them. She clung to her lover and kissed him passionately. "My darling, mine at last. Do not talk of him. It brings to my mind all the horrors of a sick room, of the ghastly closing scene."

"But he died peacefully?"

"He slept his life away. I was with him to the last. Oh, it is too horrible! Death, the grave. Let us talk of ourselves, of our life together, a year hence, when we can shake the dust of this gloomy Chase from off our feet."

Richard looked at her in some surprise. "You are overstrung, my love," he said tenderly. "But do not abuse the Chase. It is very dear to me. I lived here all my life until——"

"Until I was the means of turning you out," she said, bitterly. "Do you regret?"

"Olga!"

She took his hand impulsively.

"Never regret, dear love. It would kill me if you did. I have loved you so. For your sake I have risked, sacrificed——"

"I know, my darling. I know what a terrible strain the last few years have been on you. You have, indeed, sacrificed health and strength in nursing a peevish, incurable invalid. But the reward is coming, Olga. How happy we shall be."

"Yes," she said vaguely. Then, nervously plaiting the ribbons at her waist, "I am glad you understood what I meant—that I sacrificed my health for your father."

"No daughter could have been more devoted," broke in her lover, impetuously. "And after all he was a stranger to you."

"He was your father," she said softly, looking up at him with her glowing, passionate eyes.

"I loved you from the first," he whispered, "from the day when you came, so lovely, so timid, to The Chase, seeking the post of professional nurse to my father. I remember how you showed your testimonials, and seemed so anxious to come."

"I was homeless," she said simply, "worse than orphaned. You are marrying an obscure person, Richard, a woman who does not even know her own parentage."

"Pooh! what is that? And yet I think, my Olga, that you must be a queen's daughter." She laughed a little, and then the old troubled look crossed her face. "It is cold," she said with a shiver, "I am going indoors."

He watched her out of sight with a lover's devouring eyes. How beautiful she was! He dwelt on every detail. The tall figure in its robe of black, the rich head down bent, the little nervous hands which hung at her side. And then a great wave of feeling swept over him and left him chilled. It was that strange, inexplicable sensation we all know, when we shudder we know not why—when the world, our loves, for one moment stand still, when a veil is lifted and we see, we feel, things unknown. A glimpse into the future, a look back into a long forgotten existence? Who can tell?

Richard stood shuddering in the old garden. The glory of the sun had faded, save where in the far, far west a thin blood-red streak showed where he had dipped into the horizon; the sky was leaden, the cold night wind of October made the trees moan feebly, and sent thin dying leaves shivering to the brown earth.

The dead man's voice sounded in his son's ears; the dead man's face frowned on him as it did when he saw it last. The dead man cursed him—cursed his choice. And yet he had left them as heritage all he had, all his worldly goods, his dying thoughts. His thoughts! Why not his blessing? What tongue could tell his thoughts? What human eye could read his soul, could know what was passing through his brain during the long days, the longer nights when he fought hand to hand with death? As he hung on the border land, that dread border land which lies between this fair world and the dim unknown, had he forgiven, had his heart softened, or had he carried rage to the grave's brink, had his last prayer been that they might suffer, that their lives might be blighted? Richard felt that a dead hand had shattered his cup of joy before it was full, that a chill rush of woe from the grave had blown over him and his betrothed. He went into the house. The drawing-room was bright; a recently-lighted fire glimmered in its grate. Olga was lying asleep on the couch. She was dreaming. Her hands were clenched; her lips moved. He bent his head, but caught no word. She turned on the pillow, her face blanched, though warm with sleep. She opened her eyes, and saw him bending over her. With a vivid cry she stumbled to her feet. He took her hands tight in his own. She looked at him for a moment with a searching, frightened gaze. Then all the terror faded from her face, and she sunk back on the couch with a gasp of relief.

"I thought it was your father," she said, hysterically. "You were so like him then, Richard."

* * * * * *

"The Chase" lay on the border of London. Two centuries ago when its brick face was red and new, it had been in the heart of the country, standing secluded in its wide, wooded gardens.

But time had altered much. Where once streams bubbled, trees waved in the breeze, and sleek kine dreamt away the summer days, were rows and rows of prim suburban villas. Omnibuses and train cars rattled and jingled among roads which had been scented lanes in the days of good Queen Anne. The old order changeth. But "The Chase" changeth not.

Since the days when it was young, a Kitterby had dwelt within its walls. Not a tree had been uprooted in the gardens—not an alteration made about the house. There it stood—tall, sombre—a relic of a past age. Its great iron gates, its weed-grown paths, the dull red walls up which the ivy climbed, the irregular chimneys, the pointed gables, seemed out of date, incongruous. But Josiah Kitterby had loved the place and had lived his life there—his life of pain. He was proud of his name, proud of the old house, scornfully contemptuous of the noisy suburb and the common-place folks who peopled its "jerry-built" villas.

Tall, stately, it stood alone, a little way back from the noisy present—one of the few spacious old houses left standing in the suburbs.

Here it was that Olga and Richard were to spend the first year of wedlock. Nothing was to be altered. The mouldy hangings; the prim old servants—mouldy, too—the faded furniture, the great beds with their plumes and curtains—all were to remain untouched. So willed Josiah Kitterby.

It was late autumn when they settled there; the wind was shrieking over the common when the bride and bridegroom drove through the rusty gates—the sleet was beating fiercely against the windows of the carriage.

Olga was very white; she hesitated one moment before crossing the threshold, like a prisoner who dreads to lose his liberty. She and Richard went into the dining-room. A fire had been kindled in the high, wide grate, and its flames lighted every corner of the room.

Josiah Kitterby, with his ascetic face and black burning eyes, looked a welcome from the wall. But the young wife turned from the portrait with a shudder.

"Welcome home!" cried Richard, jovially, folding her in his arms.

"Home? Oh, Richard, I hope that one day we shall have a brighter home than this."

As the months went on Olga lost her bloom, the radiant gipsy face paled, the fire died out from the great passionate eyes. She grew nervous, dreading to be left alone for one moment. At night in the huge tapestry-hung bed-room, in the great carved bed she would toss and mutter in her sleep, and wring her thin hands and wake the night with cries of terror.

When the wind rocked the trees in the garden and fiercely howled down the wide throats of the chimneys, when the snow came and covered the common with a shroud, when the nights grew dark and frozen, Olga's sleep was fearsome, her face cold and white as the snow outside. She glided like a ghost about the house, every day she grew more ethereal—she seemed to be slipping from life.

The spring came, crocuses were flaming under the windows. The sun rose sooner and stayed longer. The old home brightened, but the young wife did not.

She had turned the face of Josiah Kitterby to the wall. Richard was pained and his eyes showed it. "Forgive me, dear," she whispered, "forgive my fancies. Oh, best beloved, how much you have to forgive. It will not last much longer; the summer is coming and the autumn, then we shall go away."

It was strange—she longed for and yet dreaded the removal. As the weeks went by—the days, till at last it wanted but two to the anniversary of Josiah Kitterby's death, she clung to her husband more fondly; she asked him a dozen times a day if he loved her; if, come what might, he would love her till death parted them.

"Of course I love you, dear," said Richard, half wearily. She had asked so often. He was a practical, ordinary young Englishman, very fond of his wife, but not given to emotional displays of affection. He sighed as he gently unclasped Olga's thin arms.

"Where would you like to go when we leave here?" he asked on the evening of their last day at The Chase.

"Any where out of England," she said, "anywhere to fresh life, fresh scenery."

"There is one duty to be got over before we leave. I have to read the letter my father left. Treviking (the family lawyer) sent it this morning."

Her lips were very white, her hands twitched as they lay on her lap.

"Do not read it, love, I beseech you. We have suffered enough in this gloomy house as it is. The shadow of your father seems to have rested on it like a curse. Do not frown, Richard; I must speak my mind. He was bitterly cruel to me. He tried to part us. He tried to poison your mind against me. Who knows? Even from the grave he may will evil. The letter may come between us. Burn it, for Heaven's sake, burn it, unread. No one will ever know. We love so deeply, we soon shall be so happy. Why risk all?"

Richard put her gently back. His voice was sterner than she had ever heard it.

"You are urging me to a dishonorable act, Olga. Even you must not do that. How can the letter harm us? I am going to the library to read it now."

When he left her she went upstairs to her room—the room where Josiah died. She took her keys from her pocket and opened a little medicine chest which stood on the table. She waited a moment before lifting the lid, turned her head and let her wild eyes rest on the empty bed. It was not empty to her—Josiah Kitterby lay on it, dead.

Then she took a bottle from the chest—a little bottle half full of a pale thin liquid.

"There is enough left," she muttered, with a ghastly smile, "should need arise."

She put it in her pocket and stole on foot of velvet to the library. Noiselessly she opened the door. The sun was setting across the common; the garden with its flowers and trees and prim terraces, was growing dark.

Richard sat facing the windows with his back to the door. The sunset glow enfolded him, and a yellow light lay on his blonde hair. How handsome he was! How she loved him!

The letter was in his hand; he took it from the envelope and unfolded it as she entered the room. Softly, slowly, she crept along, till she stood behind his chair. Afraid that he should discover her presence, afraid that the beatings of her own poor heart, the sound of her panting breath should betray her, she leaned forward and read the letter word for word over his shoulder.

The autumn evening was very still, not a sound broke the silence of the great room, except that through the open window came the "chirp, chirp," of some sparrows, rejoicing after a shower.

* * * * * *

"My son, when your eye travels along these lines I shall have been dead a year. A year! I wonder what happiness it will have brought you. Will you have tired of your wife—the wife I will you? I indulged your whim—I gave you her, she brought all I had to give as a marriage portion. As ye sow so shall ye reap. The day has come when you will curse your folly.

"This woman on whom your heart was set was born in crime, cradled in it. And yet I join your hands. That is my revenge, the return for all the hard things you said on the day we parted.

"You will have heard mention of the famous murder at the Brown House, Saltby. A country gentleman had been stabbed by a gipsy! It all happened many years ago, and the case became notorious because of the extraordinary beauty and callousness of the prisoner. I was in court when she was charged. In her arm was a child—a brown-faced, selfish looking creature, the merest baby. It crowed and chuckled and clapped its tiny hands.

"Poor innocent! It knew nothing of its surroundings, of its birth, of its inherited instincts.

"I felt strangely attracted to this child. When the mother had expiated her crime on the scaffold I adopted her. I put her to school. I saw her occasionally, though she had never seen me, or knew who paid for her education. I kept her disgraceful lineage secret. Years went on, she grew into a beautiful girl, the very counterpart of her beautiful gipsy mother. The lovelier she grew, the more she ripened into womanhood, the more my liking for her changed into fear and aversion. In those great and glowing eyes I read murder; in those little, graceful hands my fancy placed the assassin's knife. At last I decided to see her no more. I gave the principal of the school a sufficient sum of money to

complete her education, and put her in the way of earning her own living.

"Years went on. The chronic malady from which I suffered grew worse; I was a hopeless invalid. You will remember my advertising for a nurse-attendant. You were in the room when Olga Redstone applied for the situation. I recognized her at once—the gipsy daughter of a murderess!

"I am a fatalist. To me it seemed that some power, some will stronger than mine had thrown her across my path. I felt that in some way our destinies blended. I engaged her.

"You know the rest—how you fell in love with her, how I turned you out of the house, out of her presence. I hoped you would forget. Time proved that absence only strengthened your mutual passion. You will wonder that I kept her by my side. My son, scorn, despise me as you will, I dared not turn her away. The same superstitions, mysterious prompting which induced me to admit her into The Chase, kept her under its roof.

"She was a devoted nurse. So far as she knew. I was an utter stranger to her. Yet I mistrusted her; I knew her mother's history. I was right. For months the doctors were at a loss to account for my symptoms. She knew. I know at last. On the night of the——"

* * * * * *

"Stop! You shall read no more."

Olga had snatched the paper from her husband's hands and was passionately tearing it to pieces. They stood face to face, full of the knowledge which was so new, so horrible to both of them.

"Vindictive, cruel old man," she cried, still tearing at the fatal letter and grinding its falling fragments under her little heel. "He has done mischief enough. Can I help what my mother was? Is her sin to blight my life?"

Richard took her burning hands round the wrists and held them fiercely—

"Not her sin, but yours. Oh, God, have mercy upon us both, I saw how the letter ended. I saw the truth. I know at last—I understand."

He sank with a groan into the chair, and covered his face with his hands.

An agonized look crossed her face. She too had seen; her eye had glanced to the bottom of the page. So Josiah Kitterby had known, had told.

She put her hand in her pocket, and felt for the bottle. Her fingers drew it out, uncorked it, lifted it to her trembling lips. Then the hold relapsed, the bottle fell broken on the floor. She knelt down by Richard's side, drew his hands from his face and lifted his head.

"Look at me, speak to me," she cried, wildly. "I confess my sin. I did it. I poisoned your father. It was for your sake, for the sake of our love. If you could only know how I was tempted. He made life so hard, he was so bitter. And I knew that if he were dead we could be happy. I thought that his money must come to you without reservation. Oh, Richard, look up, speak. Kiss me once, before I die—before I die. I am dying."

She put her mouth close to his. He smelt the faint odor of peaches.

"Olga!"

"I shall be dead soon, so soon," she said, smiling. "Put your arm round me, just for once, love, for the last time."

"I cannot. Murderess! You killed my father."

"I poisoned him. The contents of that bottle killed him as it will me. And yet no one ever guessed. I did it so slowly, so slowly, with such skill."

She was growing delirious, she had sunk at his feet and her upturned face was pillowed on his knee.

He did not attempt to move her. He was moved with horror. This was the woman he had so loved! A confessed murderess, a creature who gloated over her crime. And she, too, was dying.

A spark of the old tenderness revived. She must be saved. He tried to rise. She forced him gently back, guessing his thought.

"Nothing will save me. Say you forgive me. You shudder. I do not wonder. I deserve it. Some devil prompted me to sin. And yet I have suffered.

"He has never left my side since the day he died," she whispered. "It was the last night," she went on, dreamily; "the night before he died. He saw me pour the poison in the glass. It fell crashing to the ground. He did not tell, he did not brand me murderess. He had a more subtle plan in view. How I have suffered! I deserved it. And yet I loved you. I love you now, though I am dying. I can hardly see you. I cannot hear your voice, yet your lips are moving. Kiss me, Richard."

She lifted herself towards him: her mouth was close to his.

Then she fell back. All the beauty left her face. A convulsive shudder, a choking cry! She was dead at his feet.

OF PROVERBS.

The gift of utterance does not always accompany the gift of understanding. Though there may be exceptional instances, like the Merry Monarch,

> "Who never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one."

no doubt most people have got more wisdom in their heads than they have ever been able to put together in their words. There are many who pass through life judiciously, usefully, and honorably, who have never uttered one memorable saying. Not for the good things they have said, but for the right deeds they have done; it will be their "works, not their words will follow them." Such practical men, however, are often quick in recognizing their own principles of action when enunciated by others; and whether it is a forcible observation in a sermon, a pithy sentence in a play, or a happy hit in the harangue of a public speaker, they hail with delight a maxim, in which their own minds are so reflected, and which exhibits so well the rationale of their own procedure. Nothing can be more to the purpose than the remarks of Chesterfield and La Rochefoucauld on good breeding and deportment; grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind, "so a man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill-manners." Good breeding comes along with it, a dignity that is respected by the most petulant. Ill-breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the most timid. "Nothing so much prevents our being natural as the desire of appearing so." St. Augustine had inscribed on his dining table, the couplet from Horace:—

> 'He that doth love on the absent to jeer,
> May hence depart, no room is for him here."

The hospital portals of Montacute House, Somerset, England, read:—

> "Through the wide open gate,
> None come too soon, none go too late."

The proverbs of Scripture are scattered over various books of the Old and New Testaments. "Like people, like priest," you will find in the Prophets. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are on edge." Everything is beautiful in its season." "A good name is better than precious ointment." "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days," are proverbs of Solomon, but recorded in the book of Ecclesiastes. "So let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." "It is more blessed to give than to receive." St. James' apostolic epistles have many true proverbs, such as "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." Over and above the Scriptural derivations of individual axioms, Christianity has exerted a great influence on the proverbial literature of European nations, in the way of refining their language and raising their tone.

THE "ISLE OF SKULLS."

On the lonely, wind-swept island of San Nicolas, eighty miles off the coast of Ventura county, California, where, as far back as the memory of man runs, hundreds of white skeletons have dotted the valleys and hillsides, local archæologists are now busy gathering the relics of a strange, extinct race.

The island is ten miles long and oval in shape, being four miles across at the widest part. Strange utensils of sandstone and steatite are found there among the human bones, and the island and its erstwhile inhabitants have a history so curious that it is difficult of comprehension.

In 1835 the priests of Santa Barbara, learning that there were but sixteen of the strange Indian race then living there, determined to rescue them from the island. They went over in a sloop and succeeded, as they thought, in getting all on board. At the last moment an Indian woman returned for her child, and one of the frequent storms of the channel islands springing up, the sloop was driven away without her. The sloop went on the rocks of Point Conception and all on board were lost.

Sixteen years later Captain George Nidever and two men went from the coast on a sloop to hunt otter off San Nicolas. On landing they were, like Crusoe, astonished to discover human footprints in the sand. They saw no one, however, and a storm compelled them to put to sea.

It was two years thereafter that the adventurous captain, revolving in his mind the sight of the footprints in the uncanny island, determined to go and discover and bring over the lonely woman of whom he had vaguely heard.

Men accompanied him, and at length they saw on the surf-beaten shore a woman with long tawny hair dressed in a queer garb of colored birdskins, and scraping with a bone knife the blubber from a seal.

They surrounded and approached her stealthily, and although suddenly confronted she did not appear in the least afraid, but smiled, and then falling on her knees prayed to the sun. The wild woman offered no objection when by signs she was made to understand that she was to go with them in the boat.

They reached Santa Barbara across the rough sea, and the first thing the Indian woman saw was Dr. S. L. Shaw, now eighty years old, and yet living there, riding a horse. She had never seen nor heard of any object like it, and thought the man and horse were one, and she knelt on the shore and offered her devotions to it. Two weeks afterwards the last inhabitant of rock-ribbed, tempest-tossed San Nicolas died from eating food to which she was unaccustomed, furnished by her rescuers, and the curtain fell on her race for ever.

Wild dogs had eaten her child. Her dress of red and blue feathers, a wonderful creation of barbaric hands, was sent to the Pope of Rome.

Relic hunters have gathered mortars, pestles, toy steatite, canoes, and other curious things there for some years past, and shipped them to various Eastern and European museums. Skeletons and parts of skeletons have also been collected in large numbers, but to-day the bones of thousands of Indians are scattered about there. Some lie face down, indicating that they have fallen in battle. There are so many human relics there that San Nicolas is known as the "Isle of Skulls."

"The lonely island, whose highest part is but 1,040 feet above the sea," said a resident of Ventura, "is noted for the high artistic class of many of its relics. Had the woman rescued, then fifty-two years old, not died a story passing strange would no doubt have been told of the race so long hemmed in by the waste of waters about. As it is, much of the story is shrouded in mystery for ever.

STORY OF AN OAK.—Concerning the American oak growing in the Imperial gardens at St. Petersburg, this remarkable story is told:—

When Mr. Dallas was in St. Petersburg as United States Minister, he was one day visited by a tall, awkward American, who, being requested to state his business, immediately said that he particularly wanted to see the Emperor.

He was assured that obtaining an interview with the Emperor was no easy task, but not being disposed to take a refusal, he was requested to leave his name and return in about a fortnight, when his application would probably be considered and determined, and the result communicated to him.

A week or so later, the American Minister was surprised by a visit from the tall American, and beginning to assure his visitor that an interview with the Emperor could not be obtained, the American responded that he had already seen the Emperor, and had just called in at the embassy for the purpose of saying "good-bye," as he was on the point of leaving for home.

Mr. Dallas was dumbfounded, and inquired into the particulars, when he found that the man actually had, by nothing more than sheer force of impudence, succeeded in passing the guards stationed about the palace and seeing the Emperor.

"I gave him a present, too," said the Yankee.

"What was it?" inquired Mr. Dallas in a wondering tone.

"An acorn from Mount Vernon from a tree that grew over Washington's tomb. The Emperor planted it in the garden with his own hands. I followed him out and saw him plant it."

Strange as the story was it was true, and the oak now growing in the imperial gardens at St. Petersburg sprang from the acorn carried thither as a present to the Emperor by the long, awkward American.

HAVING made an engagement to marry a lady living in another city, the rector of a church in Newark, N. J., publicly announced the engagement at at a recent midweek service in his church. This level-headed action of the parson should secure him against the blandishments of the spinsters of his congregation.

Scientific and Useful.

STEEL WIRE.—Steel-wire railway carriage seating is fast taking the place of the padded and volute spring seats in use in England.

BEER.—A German man of science says that the lands in Germany devoted to grains used in beer production would support 50,000,000 people.

BENZINE.—Benzine is said to be more effective than anything else for exterminating moths and cockroaches; but the person who uses it should beware of fire.

ALUMINIUM.—The soldering of aluminium, which has long been a difficult problem, has been recently solved. By sprinkling the surface to be soldered with chloride of silver, and melting down, the soldering is effected simply and satisfactorily.

LOSS IN FURNACES.—A new valve for preventing serious loss in furnaces has given excellent results. It is a trap constructed of malleable plate like an ordinary gas tube, the passage being closed and opened by being filled with and emptied of water. A vessel holding water is raised and lowered on this trap. When the heated currents are passing the passage is empty and dry, and thus evaporation is avoided.

SLEEP.—During sleep the waste products of the waking activity of the whole body are removed, and the brain shares with the other structures in the beneficial result; but it acquires no special privileges. The heart, which appears never to sleep, really sleeps twelve out of the twenty-four hours, and it beats slower and therefore sleeps longer during the general repose of the body; and the same remark applies to the movements of respiration.

Farm and Garden.

MOSQUITOES.—A correspondent suggests that one of the best methods of getting rid of mosquitoes is to stock the ponds and lakes with fish—carp is especially named as being one of the best fish to feed on the larva of the mosquito.

BOB-TAILS.—It is to be sincerely hoped that bob-tailed horses may become less and less fashionable. Don't allow your animal to be mutilated for life just to gratify a foolish desire and a mistaken idea of style. As long as God allows flies and mosquitoes to bother horses, so long man should allow the horse all the protection afforded by nature.

HATCHING.—A farmer of North Mahoning township, purchased some phosphate a few months ago. It was not all used and several pounds remained in a barrel where a nest was made for a hen. The hen hatched 13 chicks in 16 days. Another hen was set at the same time, but it took her the usual time—three weeks—to bring out her brood.

THE CALF.—Because a calf is willing to help itself along by eating is no reason it should be left to shift for itself on that. Milk and meal will pay a good profit if given to the calf in addition to grass. In fact we hold the grass should be simply a supplemental food. Milk is the natural food of a young calf. If the fat is taken out replace it by oil meal.

ONIONS.—In some parts of the American continent the onion when sown in spring, goes on growing till fall, making a large onion from seed the first year. In others the seedling goes to rest soon after it is formed, and then we have "sets" that have to be again planted the succeeding spring. It is worth remembering that the smaller these sets the better they are for the purpose, as large sets are very apt to run to seed.

A STOREKEEPER in Maine deals in dry and fancy goods, boots and shoes, groceries, grain, feed, crockery and hardware; he keeps the Post-office, is Justice of the Peace, is a conveyancer, agent of an insurance company; he runs a set of hay scales; he has "ice cold soda and other cool drinks," has famous 10 and 5 cent cigars; is agent for a very loud fertilizer, and furnishes aristocratic eggs for putting under aristocratic hens.

AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, Bilious Disorders, Sick Headache, &c., are thoroughly cured by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. Acting as a general laxative, they remove all irritating and fecal matter from the bowels, gradually change the vitiated secretions of the stomach and liver, and restore these organs to a healthy condition.

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Cheerful Work.

Strange as it may seem to us, toilers must have sung at their toil in old days. The evidence of old plays, old ballads and songs, and of the whole range of pastoral poetry establishes the presumption, if not the fact, that song and work went hand in hand.

We are loth to believe that the pleasant partnership is but a fiction, an embellishment on the part of writers whose aim was to turn out pleasing copy, and that the world's work of old days, whether in field or in shop, aboard ship or on mountain side, was the sullen, serious affair of to-day.

And so, in spite of the difficulty we have in reconciling work and song according to our modern experience, in spite of the refusal of our imagination to picture a workman lightening his task with song, we do believe it, and we go on painting singing milkmaids and whistling ploughboys, we bring the harmonious blacksmith and the chirping cobbler into our verse, and conscientiously believe that in so doing we are faithfully reflecting the life of old days.

The difficulty of reconciling the two—song and work—arises entirely from the extraordinary changes which the keen competition for bread-winning has wrought in our social life within what is comparatively a very short time. Old people tell us that in their youth toilers did sing at their work.

But how many of us have ever heard a song sung at a house door except by a vagrant professional? Not a century ago the streets of our cities were more or less melodious with the various songs of itinerant hucksters, but when the last "Buy a broom" girl sang her last stave none was left but the crier of oysters and strawberries, and his plaintive stanza may still be heard.

Even the sailor, that universally accepted type of jollity, never sings now at his work, although he does love his drone of endless verses with a pipe when off duty.

Steam winches have dealt the death-blow to the quaint old "chantie," and even when capstan bars are manned to "up anchor" on board an old-fashioned sailing ship, a "chantie" would not be comprehended by the "Dutchmen" at work.

If our now familiar friend the Venetian gondolier sings at all nowadays it is to the order of romantically inclined tourists who cannot disassociate him from his song, but a man may live in Venice six months and never hear six spontaneous outbursts of the minstrelsy we love to associate with moon-lit waters bathing the walls of historic palaces.

Still the foreigner sings at his work more steadfastly than ever did the American; the more unsophisticated the race, as might be expected, the more frequent the song.

It requires long and steady training for the American to master the beauties of Japanese music, but the Japanese sings whenever he can, be it with leech-covered legs in the paddy fields or sauntering along with his jinricksha waiting for a fare.

The West Indian negro sings incessantly at his work, but it may be noted that his work is of that gentle character which is not interfered with by vocal exertion.

The Southern State plantation hand also sings regularly—hence the mass of ballad literature for which he is responsible—but he sings more after than during work, perhaps because he exerts himself more than his West Indian brother.

Whenever Nature is kind the toiler sings. The Capriote boatman sings as he pulls the tourist round to the blue grotto. The Vesuvian mule-driver sings. The fishermen of Sorrento and Amalfi sing. The stately Spanish muleteer sings as he toils along the Pyrenean passes. But directly we get into the towns, or into the world of fields where toil is measured by the course of the sun the voice of song is hushed.

In our great, overcrowded hives of industry, song, instead of being regarded as a helpmate to work, is looked upon as a hindrance—perhaps not altogether wrongfully, if we consider the pace at which the workaday world moves now. When weavers and cobblers sung at their work, the science of valuing time by its measurement was unheard of.

Work is probably not a whit better done nowadays than then, but it is done more rapidly, and, when time means money, the employer of labor very properly considers that indulgence in in song would mean putting a drag on the wheel of Time. So we may with some reason believe that, in spite of what social dissectors and historians say to the contrary, life in old days was a brighter labor than at present.

We should hesitate to employ a singing carpenter or a singing house-painter out of fear lest he should be unable to devote his undivided attention to the work to be done; while Mary Jane, singing as she made the beds, or John singing as he cleaned the boots, would apparently hint to mistress that there was a very loose joint somewhere in the domestic economy.

Still Carlyle's remarks are worth listening to: "Give me the man who sings at his work; be his occupation what it may; he is superior to those who follow the same pursuit in sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. The very stars are said to have harmony as they revolve in their spheres."

SOBRIETY and tranquillity tend to self-command, self-government, and that genuine self-respect which has in it nothing of self-worship; for it is the reverence that each man ought to feel for the nature that God has given him, and for the laws of that nature. It is one thing to plough and sow with the expectation of the harvest in due season when the years shall have come round; it is another to ransack the ground in the gold-field, with the heated hope and craving for vast returns to-morrow or to-day.

ONE fruitful source of failure is found in a lack of concentration of purpose. There will be adverse winds in every voyage, but the able seaman firmly resists their influence, while he takes advantage of every favorable breeze to speed him on his course. So in our aims and pursuits we shall find much to counteract them, much to draw away our attention from them, and, unless we are armed with a steadfast purpose that can subordinate the lesser to the greater, that can repel hindrances, resist attractions, and bend circumstances to our will, our efforts will not be crowned with success.

THERE is no short cut to excellence. In every department of human achievement superiority is based upon toil, and success is reached only by effort. Drudgery in some form underlies every performance that is of any worth, and he who plumes himself upon his ingenuity in escaping from it is like the man who congratulates himself on his shrewdness in building a house without the trouble of laying a foundation.

To be a gentleman and to live like a gentleman ought to be the same; but, in common acceptation, they have no connection, are indeed often opposed. To be a gentleman means a great deal—far more than many who claim to be gentlemen have any conception of. To live like a gentleman refers generally to externals alone, to outside presentation, to keeping up appearances.

VANITY can exist only on a narrow basis; broaden the foundation, and it will fall to the ground. The greater a man is the smaller he feels himself to be; for he has in his mind a standard of excellence far above that which he actually reaches, ever progressing and reminding him of his own shortcomings.

IF ultimate results could always be taken accurately into account, we should perhaps find that, for the building up of character, the developing of all the manlier virtues, and the promotion of the world's best welfare, failure has, in the long run, succeeded infinitely better than success.

LAWSUITS generally originate with the obstinate and the ignorant, but they do not end with them; and that lawyer was right who left all his money to the support of an asylum for fools and lunatics, saying that from such he got it, and to such he would bequeath it.

NOTHING is more certain than that human conduct produces its effect upon human character and determines its future weal or woe. Virtue and uprightness give the pure heart and clear conscience, whose working is an ample reward for effort and sacrifice.

NEVER sit down and brood over trouble of any kind. If you are vexed with yourself or the world, this is no way to obtain satisfaction. Find yourself employment that will keep your mind active; and, depend upon it, this will force out unwelcome thoughts.

Do not take the yardstick of your own ignorance to measure what the ancients knew, and call everything which you do not know lies. Do not call things untrue because they are marvelous but give them a fair consideration.

KNOWLEDGE is an excellent drug; but no drug has virtue enough to preserve itself from corruption and decay if the vessel be tainted and impure wherein it is put to keep.

I KNOW the past, and thence I will assay to glean a warning for the future, so that man may profit by his errors, and derive experience from his folly.

EVIL springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed, and feeds the green earth with its swift decay, leaving it richer for the growth of truth.

DON'T have much to say about yourself, if you want to keep clear of hypocrisy.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

CLOUD.—It is not a very lowering or dark cloud. Wait a little patiently and the matter will clear itself. Do not ask your hesitating friend. Leave him to make up his mind, and either place his attention on a better footing or retire. Do nothing except to preserve a greater distance.

ÆCUND.—An Agnostic is one who professes ignorance. The word means "One who doesn't know." In matters of religion of the Lord as of the Diety in general, he affirms nothing and denies nothing. The Agnostic simply says, "I know nothing either one way or the other about the subject."

JERRY.—There is no better way to dry a new house than to keep good fires in it, and set the windows open in dry weather. It is useless to have fires without setting the windows open; that only fills the house with steam. They should be closed at night and open the whole of every day.

ASHORE.—If glass is written on with the ordinary steatite or soapstone, know as "French chalk," and used by tailors, and also by looking-glass dealers to mark their glasses with, the writing can be rubbed out, but becomes again visible if the glass breathed on. The same effect is produced if clean glass is marked with any slightly greasy substance, as by the finger.

SOLEIL.—It is not true that bodies get colder because they approach the sun. The earth is a reservoir of heat, and in leaving its centre we pass away from the focus, not the source, of heat. Then, again, the wind-currents and the abstraction of heat by radiation and expansion affect the result. You must consider the matter from the standpoint of the earth, not that of the sun.

E.—Many other persons like you are equally intent on believing and doing all that is right. The best and only safe rule is to act up to the light we have. Doing this will bring more light. Goodness is of value for its own sake, wholly apart from any reward it may bring in the future. Act as though what you doubt were certainly true, and the consequences will be peace and confidence, growing as the years roll onward.

READER.—One constantly hears of a French person's fortune consisting of so many hundreds or thousands of francs of Rentes. The phrase is a little perplexing till it is explained. In this country the investor buy so much stock. His name is inscribed as the holder, and the interest follows the investment. In France the nomenclature is the converse. The investor buys not the debt but the interest on the debt; and therefore so many thousand of francs of Rentes means not his principal, but his annual income. In Louis-Philippe's time the smallest investment was fifty francs; in our own it has been reduced to three.

PICKLES.—It is difficult, if not impossible, to lay down a hard and general rule as to the quantity of brain-work a child should be allowed or required to do in the way of learning lessons. The point of greatest moment, we think, is that the mind should not be kept too long on the stretch, that there should be complete relief for memory as well as attention in the intervals of work, and that no child should be allowed to go to bed with lessons on the mind. It is better to devote two or three quiet hours in the morning to work; let the afternoon be spent in the open air (or reverse the order in the winter), and always leave the four or five hours before retiring to bed perfectly free for pleasant amusement.

AXIOM.—The Chautauqua course of home study would not by any means be of as much benefit as a regular college or high school course. Practically it is only self-instruction with the advantage of your lessons being laid out, revised, corrected and instructive hints given. But really everything may be said to depend upon the student. This is not lessening its value, but to expect the same advantages to result as from a regular college course, in the same time and convenience is absurd. (2.) No college can make a journalist or writer, nor can the best school education. The only college where this business can be learned is a newspaper office. (3.) The course is for everybody who can take it. Diplomas, we believe, are given to graduates. On the whole you will find the course of special value if you apply yourself seriously to your work.

JOULETTE.—George Stevens, the well-known Shakspearean commentator—the Puck of commentators, as Gifford calls him—was the originator of the wild story about the deadly upas-tree. The tree was described as growing in the Island of Java; and so noxious were its qualities reported to be that it was asserted to have caused a desert around it through its life-destroying pestiferous exhalations. No animal might approach it without risk of annihilation, and vegetation of all kinds within a large circuit quickly succumbed from its hurtful presence. So plausible and exact appeared the account that it was accepted by Darwin, and introduced in his Botanic Garden—indeed the story was repeated everywhere; and artists were not slow to follow suit with representations of the arboreal monster and the terrible scenes that were supposed to be enacted at intervals around it. Of course there were no real grounds for so extraordinary a fiction. It appears however that there is a small valley in Java where neither animal nor vegetable life can subsist; this is said to be due to the quantities of carbonic acid gas that are emitted from the ground.

A COMMON CHORD.

BY T. A. A.

Give me a spray of waving green,
And it shall fill my sight
With visions of the fair unseen,
And pictures of delight.

Give me a sunbeam warm and clear,
And on its shining wing,
Into a purer atmosphere,
My soul shall soar and sing.

Give me a little rift of blue,
Just where the gray clouds part,
And it shall cast its radiant hue
O'er all my gladdened heart.

Gwendolen Craufurd.

BY S. J.

IT WAS but a lonely life that he led—the great man to whom all looked up, to whom all come for counsel, for advice, and for sympathy. He was ever kind, courteous, and tender to those who sought him—gentle and sympathetic even with the foolish and weak. Never was man more tolerant of every kind of foolishness and weakness, although he was firm in pointing out the consequences of such failings.

People wondered why Doctor Avrell did not marry. Many a woman—even some belonging to the upper ranks of society—would have been only too willing to come to his hearth and home; but he gave no sign that he wanted a wife; and women concluded readily enough that Philip Avrell had experienced some disappointment, and he clung with rare tenacity to a memory—that from his life there was something missing. He had a splendid practice, and found time besides to write works that were highly prized, not only by the profession, but by all lovers of metaphysics.

One dusky summer evening he was sitting in his library, a large gloomy room, lined from floor to ceiling with well-filled bookcases. In the fading light everything looked ghostly and unreal; the lounges loomed shadowy and gigantic, the statues gleamed eerily from dim corners. Philip Avrell sat quite motionless by the table, resting his forehead on one hand.

He had been writing; but the light had faded, and he had fallen into a fit of musing, such as he had rarely time for, and which would not last long now, for this was the evening when he saw some of his patients, of whom he had a host, and for whom he had a dispensary at which their medicines cost them nothing. There were many who blessed him and remembered him in their prayers, many to whom he was an earthly guide.

In this twilight hour, when there was no one to see him, he made no attempt to lighten the sombre shadow on his brow and in his eyes—deep dark eyes that were very steadfast and tender.

A bell sullenly clanged through the great silent house, raising a hundred echoes that seemed this evening to beat in his heart; and he shivered and bowed his head a little lower for a moment, and then, raising it, he was once more the unruffled physician as the door opened noiselessly and a servant entered.

"A woman, sir, who says you bade her to come this evening."

"Show her in here, Eliot, please"—his voice was sweet, clear and firm—"it is quite right."

Eliot lighted the candles and retired, ushering in in a few moments a woman of the humbler class, who stepped timidly in the well-lighted, richly-carpeted room; but Doctor Avrell came forward, gave her his hand, and smiled. She dropped a low curtsey, and wiped her eyes with the end of her shawl.

"How is your husband now, Mrs. King?" asked the physician.

His voice set her tears flowing, and she poured out a long tale of sorrow, to which he listened with gentle patience.

There was another ring at the bell, and Doctor Avrell sat down and wrote in a firm clear hand a prescription, which he gave to the woman.

"You had better," he said, moving towards the door, "get this made up at once; and remember to attend to all the directions I gave you yesterday. I will see what I can do for your boy. I shall not forget."

"That I'm sure you won't, sir. Thank you kindly. You're always so good. Good evening, sir."

The woman curtseyed herself out, and Philip Avrell turned back with a half-sigh.

It was a young girl this time. She entered with a languid and half-timid step. She had a pretty face, with large eyes and a sensitive mouth, and was evidently a lady, although her dress betokened straightened means.

"I was told, Dr. Avrell," she said, flushing painfully, and speaking a little confusedly, "that you would see—that you made——"

"You did quite right to come," interrupted Doctor Avrell, putting her into a chair. "Give me your hand. What do you do?" he said, when he had asked several questions, resting his forehead on one hand, as was habitual with him, and keenly scanning the face of the person to whom he spoke.

"I am a clerk in a city office," answered the girl, with a half-smile.

"A clerk!"—and Doctor Avrell smiled too. "That is a very good occupation. I suppose your hours are long?"

"Nine to seven—the usual hours in a house like ours."

"Long hours,"—said the physician—"too long for a young thing like you—sedentary work too."

"I can't help it, Doctor Avrell; I must work. There are people dependent on me." Her voice became husky, and she stopped suddenly.

"Poor child!" said Philip Avrell, with gently pity—pity that never galled the proudest. "I know it is of no use to suggest shorter hours to you. It is nothing but over-work from which you are suffering. You want strengthening. I will give you something that will do you good."

"Thank you; you are very kind," said the girl earnestly.

While he wrote he asked her many questions about her life, and finally told her to come and see him in three days.

"But, Doctor Avrell," she began, not quite knowing how to say that that would not be his free evening.

He smiled, and shook hands, saying—

"Don't you know, Miss Laurence, that I am very autocratic with my patients? I see them when I like, and they always do as I tell them."

Then he turned away, and more patients came; and for each he had a kind word, as well as counsel and sympathy.

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A richly-furnished chamber, soft carpets, silken curtains, a snowy bed, on which lies tossing a little child with a delicate face and one burning spot on each cheek, its golden curls lying on the pillow, and its blue eyes roaming restlessly about the room. Beside the child a nurse stands. She looks down anxiously, and then glances towards the clock on the mantelpiece.

"I wish my lady would come," she says, holding the little feverish hand in hers. "She would have never gone if she had thought Miss Daisy would take such a turn."

"Where's mother? Oh, I want mother!" moaned the child. "Why doesn't she come?"

There is a rustle of silk outside; the door pushed open, and Lady Gwendolen Craufurd enters. She is a tall, slender, stately woman, looking scarcely more than five-and-twenty, though she is seven or eight years older than that—lovely in form with a fair, delicate skin, large velvet eyes, and hair of rich gold, but with a sad weary look on her face.

She comes to the bedside in her rich white silk and crimson scarf, and bends over the child, who turns to her with outstretched arms and clings to her, murmuring, "Mother, mother!" In rapture she clasps the little form closely to her, and breathes passionately a prayer for her darling, the one treasure of her lonely life.

"She is very ill," she says quite calmly to the nurse. "You should have sent for me. It is a mere chance I did not go on to the Duchess's ball."

"I did not know, my lady. Miss Daisy has not been so bad till just lately. May I make a bold to suggest, my lady, to send for the doctor?"

"Doctor Parkridge is doing her no good," says Lady Gwendolen Craufurd in the firm, calm, almost cold way that is habitual with her. "I have no faith in him. I have returned so recently to England that I know little——"

"Doctor Avrell, my lady, is the first physician in London," interposed the nurse. "All the quality has him."

Lady Gwendolen has been bending over her child. Now she raises herself, and says almost sharply—

"Whom did you say?"

"Doctor Avrell, my lady. Shall I send for him?"

"Doctor Avrell? He is very clever?"

"Very, my lady—and so nice."

"Send for him at once. Doctor Philip Avrell?"

"Yes, my lady, you must have heard of him. He brought Lord Gandy through when all the others had given him up."

"Go quickly then!" And the nurse vanishes.

Lady Gwendolen presses one jeweled hand to her forehead, and so stands.

"Philip Avrell, Philip Avrell!" she murmurs. "Heaven help me! Is it my fault?"

Once more Philip Avrell sat alone. The last patient had been gone some time, and he had tried to turn to his writing again; but this evening he was not in the vein; so he sat musing over past life. It was strange how his thoughts went back to-night to the old days.

The door bell rang loudly; but this time he did not heed it, and he started when Eliot entered.

"A man, sir, who come from Mr. Craufurd's, wishes to see you. He seems in a great hurry."

"I will come, Eliot."

Doctor Avrell stepped out into the hall. "His son has perhaps had a relapse," he thought, with some anxiety.

"Lady Gwendolen's compliments Doctor Avrell," said the man, "and could you come at once? Miss Craufurd is very ill."

Doctor Avrell fell back a step from the glare of the lamp, and a sudden flush rose to his face, which, however, soon died away, leaving it even paler than usual.

"You do not come then from Grosvenor street?" he said.

"No, sir, from Berkeley Square—Lady Gwendolen Craufurd's house. Miss Daisy has a fever, I think, sir. Can you come, sir?"

"I will come round in a quarter of an hour," and the Doctor; and the man thanked him and went out.

"Gwendolen Craufurd!" murmured Philip Avrell, looking upwards. "Was it then a subtle instinct telling me she was near that led me back again to the old days? And she is in trouble! His child!" He paused and drew a deep breath; then he whispered very softly, "Her child; let me think of that."

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The little child lay tossing and moaning, and the mother sat in tearless agony, nerving herself for the moment she dreaded so terribly—the moment which she had dreaded these fifteen years past. And now it had come at last, and she was to meet him once more at the bedside of her child—Claude Craufurd's child.

"He was noble and gentle; he will not remember it," she murmured over and over again. "He will not reproach me now—nor here. Ah!" She raised her head, and the beautiful eyes were fixed upon the door. That voice, that haunting voice, so sweet, so low!

"In here?" were all the words that struck on her listening ear; and then he entered.

The tall slight form, the noble head and face, and the fathomless dark eyes were the same. Ah, it might have been the Philip of long ago who stood there? For one brief moment the dreary years rolled away, the interval was bridged over, and she stood face to face with Philip Avrell, she, Gwendolen Carlyon.

He came round to her side of the bed. She had steeled herself then to calmness, even to coldness; but she dared not offer her hand—she only let it lie passively for a second in his. Was she not Gwendolen Craufurd? Then she stood back and watched him as he bent over her child.

How beautiful she was! She had changed her silk dress for a loose morning-wrapper of blue cashmere that fell gracefully about her slender form. She had let all her wealth of glittering hair fall about her, tying it back only with a ribbon.

"How long has she been so?" asked the physician, turning to her at length.

"She was so when I came in from a concert," answered Gwendolen—and her voice was quite steady. "She was only a little feverish when I left the house; but she has been ailing for some days."

"Have you had advice for her?"

"Doctor Parkridge has been attending her; but I have no faith in him."

"She is very ill."

"But you can save her?" came with such intense appeal from the mother's pale lips. "You will save her—you will not let her die? She is all—all I have."

He caught the last words, although her voice had sunk to a whisper, and they pierced him to the heart. Too well he read her story in the despairing utterance, "She is all I have."

"If I can save her, I will, Lady Gwendolen," he said gently; "but she is very ill. She has been allowed to get too weak, and the oppression on the chest is very great."

A strange, almost a fierce gleam came into Gwendolen's eyes, and her slender fingers were tightly locked together.

"I do not say there is no hope," said Philip Avrell—"on the contrary, I think there is room for hope; but she will want the very greatest care, nursing more than anything. Shall I send for a nurse?"

"I will nurse her myself," answered Gwendolen, with a quite steadfast determination in her low tones.

"You?" The physician looked doubtful. "You do not look very strong."

"I am strong. I can do anything; I can endure to the last," she answered, still in the same tone. "You need not fear for her, that I shall fail just when I am most wanted. I must nurse her myself." She raised her lustrous eyes to his face for the first time. "Won't you trust me?" she said half timidly. "You must say 'Yes.' I have"—she paused, and then, her eyes drooping, seemed to go on with difficulty—"I have a motive strong enough to make me dare anything."

He glanced keenly at her, and an icy chill struck his heart.

"You shall nurse her," he said quietly. "It will be better for her to have some one she knows about her. Now attend to me."

She listened while he gave his directions—she was the nurse, he the physician.

"I will stay for the present," he said, "and give her something which I hope will induce sleep."

"You are kind, Doctor Avrell. It is late; we must not keep you. Mary is a good girl, she is in the next room."

"My personal comfort is nothing," said the physician, "when I am on duty. You had better rest a little. Sit down."

She sat down, obeying him instinctively, and watched the child, who was beginning to be restless again; yet all the while—was it his fancy?—she seemed to be listening, and listening with dread.

"Mother, mother!" moaned the child.

Philip Avrell bent over her and placed his cool hand upon her forehead. She looked up with a troubled yet fixed gaze.

"Who are you?" she said.

"I am a doctor, my child, come to make you well," answered Avrell gently.

"To make me well!" she echoed, with the deliberate utterance of a wandering mind. "Can't you make mother happy too?"

"She will be happy, my child, when you are well."

"Will she? Are you sure?" said the child wistfully. "Mother isn't happy—I know she isn't."

His heart bled for the woman whom he loved still with a deathless love. He saw her rise and glide out of the room—he knew she must have broken down if she had stayed—and Mary, the nurse, came in to take her place.

Outside Gwendolen stopped and wrung her hands in mute misery. A step was heard on the stairs—a servant came up. Gwendolen was calm, erect, herself again to all outward seeming.

"Mr. Craufurd's compliments, my lady, and he would like to see you for a few moments."

"I will come, Grant."

She swept down the stairs, her lips set, her whole mien haughty, even defiant, yet quiet. She entered the dining-room, and advanced to the table. A tall, fair, aristocratic looking man, who was lounging in an easy-chair, glanced up as she came in, but did not rise.

"Who told you to send for Avrell?" he said, in an imperious tone.

She flushed a little, and answered—

"I sent for him because he is the first physician in London; and Daisy is in danger."

"Doctor Parkridge will do for her."

"He will not; he is not clever, and I have no faith in his treatment."

"There'll be a confoundedly heavy bill to pay!" said Craufurd, getting up impatiently. "I know what these fashionable fellows are—run you up a hundred or two in no time."

"As you will not be required to spare so large a sum from your 'debts of honor,'" returned Gwendolen coldly, "you may safely leave the choice of a physician to me."

"I tell you I won't have him in the house!" exclaimed Claude Craufurd savagely, stamping his foot. "D'you think I don't know why you had him, and why he comes?"

She stood absolutely rigid for a moment or two, her hands pressed heavily on the back of a chair, her eyes flashing. Such

taunts were not new to her; but this one had an additional sting.

"I can answer your words," she said. "I sent for Doctor Avrell because I wish my child to recover. I nurse her myself because I wish her to recover. If I have also cast a stone, you can tell me whether it has struck you in some guarded spot."

He seemed to quail before the steadfast glance of her eyes; stopping short in his walk up and down, with an imprecation he flung his cigar into the grate.

"Don't talk heroics, Gwen," he said, avoiding her eyes. "What is the meaning of all this nonsense? You're not to nurse her. I won't have you sitting up and losing all your good looks.

"I shall do precisely as I think fit. Have you any more to say?" Then, moving away—"Daisy will want me."

"Go and——" He stopped short and bit his lip, looking after the tall graceful form of his wife as she went out of the room. "I say, Gwen," as she paused, "you haven't a check about you, have you? I'm awfully short of cash."

She came back, an expression of contempt passing over her beautiful features. Unlocking a desk on a side-table, she took out a check, which she filled up and laid on the table, then locked the desk again, and left the room without saying a word.

"My punishment, my punishment!" was her inward cry. "What bitter humiliation! Oh, Heaven, it is terribly bitter! Was my sin so great that it must be atoned for by such suffering?"

* * * * * *

"And I must be in her presence and speak to her daily—a stranger, an acquaintance, her physician—must see her suffering, and may not speak one word to lighten the load. I had thought this buried, past for ever; my love deathless; and she is the same Gwendolen—the same girl who whispered she would never forsake me. Sixteen long weary years, and I cannot tear this love from me!"

He sank down, covering his face from the gray dawning light that was creeping in through the closed shutters. His whole frame shivered with the force of the terrible struggle. He loved her still—the girl who had been false to him. False? No, no—wayward, proud. She had afterwards seen that their love was a mistake; she was more gentle of birth, but was higher in the social scale. Her father was heir-presumptive to an earldom. When he succeeded to the title, her family would not consent to Lady Gwendolen's wedding with a physician—even Philip Avrell.

So, as the day dawed, he framed excuses for her, excuses made a thousand times before, and with which he sought to stifle the clear voice that told him unceasingly that it was his blind love for her which spoke. And now she was an unloved wife, a miserable woman, with all her glorious beauty undimmed, still, as ever, a queen of society, sought out, flattered by the world, but not the loved queen of her own home, her husband being a roue and gambler.

Avrell, under all the masks she strove to wear before him, could see what a daily humiliation her life was—how, with the instinct of a proud nature, she tried to conceal the rents in the garment that should have been seamless—how she clung with a frantic passion, albeit it was so quite, to her child—her all, her "only treasure now."

For days had passed since Philip Avrell had once more, after the lapse of years, stood before the woman he loved. Not one word had he said of the past; while she, in her bitter self-condemnation, had shrunk from the reproach there must be in his eyes. Yet, seeking them at times with stealthy timid glance, she found no reproaches there; she thought she could even see pity in them for her—kindly pity, such as he would give to any woman who lived without her husband's love.

But what did it matter, his pity, his reproach, his—love? She caught her breath and locked her hands. What did these matter to her—Gwendolen Craufurd? Why, she was married, dead to all thoughts of love! Was it not sin to brood so much over his possible pity or condemnation?

Day and night she watched her child, taking little rest and little food, and that only when Doctor Avrell, with gentle imperiousness, bade her take it.

"You will be ill," he said, "and Daisy wants you."

That was enough.

Society missed her presence at ball and garden-party in those days of suspense. Her husband told her impatiently and angrily that she would lose her place in the world of fashion, and taunted her anew with the novel attraction she had found at home. But his taunts fell on unheeding ears; she seemed indeed scarcely to hear them, and had not the remotest thought of attending to them. Her every thought was for her child.

All this time Claude Craufurd never encountered the man whom he had so bitterly wronged. Craufurd shrank instinctively from meeting the physician, and kept away as much as possible. He scarcely troubled himself to ask how the child was progressing. He did not care whether she lived; she stood between him and much wealth; for all that Gwendolen had was to pass to him if she died without leaving children, though it was absolutely her own while she lived.

There came a day at last when Doctor Avrell said—

"Your daughter has passed the crisis, Lady Gwendolen; she is out of danger. Her constitution is good; I think she will rally."

Then he turned away, for he could not meet unmoved the look on her face, the gratitude that spoke in her eyes.

"It is not my doing; it is Heaven's will; he said briefly, almost abruptly; and she shrank back.

So the day came when Daisy was strong enough to be moved from one room to another, and then to go out of doors; and then she was almost herself again, the bright child spirit of the house, who could bring a smile to her mother's lips.

At last came the day that Lady Gwendolen dreaded when Philip Avrell said there was no further need for his services. But Daisy must go away for change of air to some warm seaside place, for she was delicate, and would require the greatest possible care for some years to come. And then he gave many directions as to her treatment, to all of which Gwendolen listened, chilled to the heart, knowing that in another moment he would be gone, dead to her again.

He rose then—she had been sitting by the table in the morning-room, resting her forehead on one hand, the other lying on her knee, while she listened to all he said.

"Good-bye," said Philip Avrell quickly; and he held out his hand.

She stood up and put hers into it, and he held it for a second; then dropping it, he turned away.

Suddenly she sank down, and, laying her head upon the table, sobbed bitterly. Bitterly did those sobs torture the heart of the man who heard them. He stopped, and his white lips moved.

"Poor child!" was all he said.

He knew she was weak now, unstrung through watching and sorrow, he understood her grief, her loneliness, her remorse. But he could not comfort her. He might not pass his hand over the golden sheen of her hair; he might not tell her that there was one who thought of her and prayed for her wherever she was; he never for an instant forgot that she was Claude Craufurd's wife.

But there came a revelation to her as she grew calmer under the light pressure of his hand. She had betrayed her misery and her secret, and with that thought she shrank from him; and he, reading her heart, drew back.

"Forgive me!" she said brokenly. "Oh, if I thought you could forgive the past!"

He folded his arms across his breast, and answered unhesitatingly—

"I have no memory of the past—no hard thought of you. Heaven knows I have never dreamed of judging you."

"No hard thought of me—not even now!" she said. "Then I will bear a little longer—till she is grown up and does not want me."

He could not trust himself to speak just yet, but stood motionless. Presently he stepped forward to her side and laid his hand upon her golden head.

"Good-bye again—Gwendolen: good-bye!"

That was all he said, and then he was gone, and she was alone, a blank behind her, a blank before her, only his lingering touch still resting on her head, his last words seeming to float around her in the air—

"Good-bye again—Gwendolen; good-bye!"

* * * * * *

"Come to me. You are the only friend I have."

They lay before him, the brief hurried words; Philip Avrell never paused for an instant nor hesitated to answered the summons. Gwendolen was in trouble—that was enough; but there was a deadly sinking of heart as he strove to picture what that trouble was. Was she ill—dying? She had gone abroad with her child, and had been all summer in Switzerland, and this telegram was from Paris. Was Daisy ill again, or was it her husband?

In twelve hours he was in Paris, at the door of the splendid hotel where Lady Gwendolen and her husband and child were stopping.

Doctor Avrell asked no questions of the servant. He only bade him tell his mistress that he was there; and he waited, walking up and down. But he was the calm physician the moment he heard the handle of the door turn; and then she entered, white and quiet; but he could see that there was a terrible strain on every nerve.

"You are well," he said, taking her hand for a second—"and Daisy?"

"Yes," she answered, "it is—it is Claude. He is ill—very ill. They say he cannot live." She faltered a moment, and then went on hurriedly. "I know he has done you great wrong—ah, you do not know how great or how bitter!—but I ventured to ask you to come. You could do something perhaps to—to give time—to lessen his suffering. You are not angry with me?"

"Hush, child!" He uttered the words quickly; and then he added in his usual gentle way, "Why should I be angry? This is, I think, no ordinary illness, Lady Gwendolen?"

"He is shot!" she whispered, turning away. "It was a duel. Spare me—in pity spare me!"

He knew the whole story then without her telling him, and asked no more, but his brow grew very dark, and the sweet firm mouth very stern.

"Will you come to him now?" said Gwendolen, after a few moments. And he bent his head and followed her.

So the two men—the wronger and the wronged—met again.

Philip Avrell stood beside the bed of him who had taken away the jewel of his life, and looked down upon the wreck—the mere wreck—of manhood that lay there; the fair aristocratic looking face was drawn and pallid with pain, lines of dissipation graven on the brow, the eyes wandering wildly from one object to another.

There had been times when Philip's heart had burnt a fierce passionate hatred of the man who had taken his treasure only to despise it; but any such feeling could not live in presence of the awful retribution before him.

He stood by the unfortunate man, and his glance said, "There is nothing to be done here," yet he laid his fingers on the quivering pulse; and Claude seemed then, for the first time, aware of the proximity of a stranger.

"Who are you?" he said almost fiercely, staring at the pitying face that was bent over him.

"I am Philip Avrell. I have come to see if I can do anything for you."

Claude tried to raise himself, but sank back helpless.

"She has sent for you!" he cried. "My death is all she wants! Well, I won't say that she has been happy with me. Have you, Gwen?"

"Never mind that now, Claude," answered his wife quietly, laying her hand upon his. "If you talk so, you will suffer more."

"Poor Gwen!" he said, in a half-reckless, half-sorrowful tone that made her shiver and look back to the days of their opening life, when he had been kind in his way, and before she knew of his treachery. "I did care for her once, you know, Avrell. And then I told her, like a fool, and she hated me. If it hadn't been for you," he said, with sudden fierceness, "she might have liked me. I won't have you here—she and you! Go—go!"

"Claude, Claude! Hush!"

"Well, well, I won't then," and he sank back, his eyes wandering aimlessly about. "Give me your hand, Gwen, there's a good girl. So you can't cure me—eh, Avrell?"

"I cannot."

Claude lay silent for a time, Gwendolen kneeling at his side, Philip Avrell standing erect and attentive.

"Why did you come?" said Claude Craufurd at last, in the same reckless yet regretful tone. "I did you an awful wrong, old fellow—hasn't she told you?—swore that you were dead, and that you married before you died. She was a confoundedly haughty girl. She couldn't stand that! But the old man wouldn't give me the money till she died; and now I'm going before her—eh, Avrell? I've been a sad scamp to her."

"Hush, Claude!" cried the miserable wife, in a very passion of entreaty; but he laughed, and turned to Avrell, saying—

"Look here—I'll tell you now."

"You had better go," whispered Avrell quickly to Gwendolen; "this will be no fit sight for you."

She rose; but Claude quickly cried out—

"What—are you going, Gwen? Don't leave me; put your hand round mine—so—that's it."

"I am his wife," said Gwendolen; and she knelt down and prayed.

* * * * * *

Three years, three long weary years, go by, and people in society wonder when Lady Gwendolen Craufurd is coming to take her place in the world again. "She could not have cared for that husband of hers," they say. They say also that Doctor Philip Avrell is certainly over-worked; he has hardly any rest, he looks worn, and his hair is tinged with gray.

He thinks himself that he wants rest; he feels tired and weary very often, but he attacks his daily duties with new energy. London is empty now, and his great rooms look very cheerless; his heart is aching, and there is nothing near to fill it. The ponderous books he is always reading, the metaphysical works he is always writing, his patients, young, old, and middle-aged—all these cannot fill the void—never. And so he will take a rest.

"Travel for three months at least," says friend, a an eminent fellow-practitioner. "Make over your patients to me and Crofton—we'll manage them—and don't let us see you in London for the next three months."

Avrell smiles and promises, though he does not think there will be much improvement, unless his heart hunger is stayed.

So he says good-bye to all his patients, shuts up his empty house, and wanders over the Continent, seeking rest.

He has strayed to the Lake of Como; and one evening, while wandering by the shore, he stops and looks dreamily across the blue lake, watching the purple shade on the mountains and the play of light on their snow-capped summits, and listening to the goat-bells tinkling in the distance, the musical voices of children at play, the lowing of cattle. It is all very dreamy, very peaceful, but his heart is empty still and throbs with pain.

Suddenly he hears the clear musical voice of a child who is singing blithely; and he sees a gleam of golden hair as a lithe young girl springs from point to point, now diving among the rushes to gather flowers, now lost to view behind some tall shrub. She comes quite near, and Philip Avrell staggers back, but instantly recovers himself as the child, a slim girl of thirteen, looks up with a half-bewildered air, then hurries forward, clasping her hands in rapture, crying out:

"Doctor Avrell—my dear, dear Doctor Avrell!"

He clasps the slender hands in his, and kisses her forehead tenderly, smiling at her joy.

"Mother is at home. You must come and see her, Doctor Avrell," cries Daisy. "She will be so glad—please come. It isn't far. Who would think of you being here?"

"Who indeed, Daisy? But doctors, you know, like other people, want rest."

"Yes; but you must come to mother and tell her."

Up the road and through a garden sweet with perfume she leads him, chattering all the time—leads him across a smooth lawn and under a verandah, right into a drawing-room, where Gwendolen—looking more beautiful because of the added sorrow in her face—sits, her chin resting on one white hand, the other lying before her listlessly. She raises her eyes at the sound of footsteps without, and suddenly springs to her feet with a suppressed cry—

"Good Heaven, Philip Avrell!"

Her hands are quickly in his, and then she is calm again, speaking the words of conventional welcome.

"I am glad to see you, Doctor Avrell. Where did you meet him, Daisy?"

But Daisy has rushed out into the garden to impart her joy to the dogs and frolic with them.

"I was wandering by the lake," he says, with an effort.

He sees her before him in more than her girlish beauty; he sees the sorrowful eyes that are so wistful, the pained mouth that is so sad and sweet. She is his own. What is there to stand between them? Her fault? He turns and sinks upon a chair and the cry goes out—

"Come to me, Gwendolen! My heart is empty, hungering for you!"

She stands like a statue of marble, her hands locked, her lips parted. Has she heard the words, or is it her fancy? She has often dreamt that he would come to her with some such words as these.

"Philip!" she says wistfully, timidly, but does not move.

"Gwendolen, come—come to me!" he

cries again, with passionate appeal.

She draws near and kneels beside him, touching his hands half fearfully. He tries to clasp her closely to him; but she lays her hands upon his, and something in her face awes him.

"Philip," she says steadily and softly, "do you remember the past—that I broke my faith? Hear me yet. Do you love me still, Philip?"

He cannot look into the clear eyes, he cannot answer her. He only presses the weary golden head to his breast. So she finds rest after all the dreary years. Her punishment is over, her atonement made.

"May I tell you, Philip," she whispers presently—"tell you of the past, that you may know all?

"Not now, my darling, nor ever. I have forgotten it all, Gwendolen. I have no memory of the past; let it rest."

Later, standing by the window and looking out over the lake, her hand clinging to his, as if even now she fears to wake from a dream, she says—

"Is this real, Philip? I used always to dream of your coming to me; but I child myself for the fancy."

Daisy, sporting among the flowers, glances up and pauses.

"Daisy!"

Philip's clear voice reaches her, and she comes hurrying in, looking from one to the other.

Philip Avroll draws her within the shelter of his arm.

"Do you remember, Daisy," he says softly, "when you were ill, praying me to make your mother look happy?"

Daisy, glancing up into his face, says half archly—

"Ah, you have made her happy, Doctor Avroll? I knew you could do anything!"

DER RING DES NIBELUNGEN.

A story is told of an enthusiastic American amateur who crossed the Atlantic and made his way to Bayreuth to hear the first representation of Der Ring des Nibelungen. He had read everything that had been written about the tetralogy with ever increasing admiration for its wonders, and poured forth eulogies to his neighbor, the musical critic of a London paper who was at Bayreuth on business, and did not share the rhapsodies.

The eventful night came, and the Rheingold was performed, the visitor from afar declaring that the work was all, or almost all, he had so fondly imagined, and that anyone could fail to appreciate it beauties was to him incomprehensible.

Next afternoon the Walkurie followed, and this time the American amateur confessed that though his own anticipations were amply fulfilled, he would go so far as to admit that he could understand the existence of people—benighted people, of course—who did not care for it.

Siegfreid was duly given, and during the exceeding protracted recitatives of "the Wanderer" the enthusiast distinctly yawned. His neighbor is to this day not sure that he did not nod, but of the yawn there could be no doubt, and when the interval took place, and the two walked together into the air, the American was taciturn.

Some of his ardor returned at the second act of Siegfreid; but in the third act the remorseless "Wanderer" returns; and stays, and the American amateur confessed that there were portions of the Nibelungen with which he was sorely disappointed.

Finally, came the Gotterdammerung, and when it was over the American asked his neighbor if he had tickets for the remaining three series? The answer was in the negative.

The critic had written his notices, all but the last, which he proposed to write forthwith and end by the next post at ten o'clock on the following morning.

"If you want tickets for the other three series you are very welcome to mine," the ex-enthusiast remarked. "I've come a long way to hear this, and I have heard it, but I don't want to hear it any more!"

This story is true; and certainly it is significant. A certain glamor has been thrown over the Nibelungen by the disquisitions that have been written about it, and, in the view of its actual and professed admirers, appreciation of it had at one time come to be regarded as a test of a cultivated understanding.

Those who raved about the tetralogy were held to be musicians and artists in soul; those who disliked it were Philistines who had no soul; and many persons—who, in truth, were sorely bored and even distressed by the work—were willing to purchase reputations at this easy rate.

The story of the Nibelungen is not free from absurdities, one of which is the fact that Wotan, the king of the gods, is—altogether apart from his appalling tediousness—an absurdly impotent person, whose plans are continually being thwarted.

The ring, which possesses magic powers, is guarded by the three Rhine maidens, Woglinde, Wellgunde, and Flosshilde, and from them it is wrested by the nibelung Alberich, who plunges into the water to snatch it.

Wotan desire to obtain possession of it, and, being the king of the gods, those who did not know him might make a mistake of supposing that his will was law; but it is not. He obtains it only by wretched trickery, and presently surrenders it to the giants Fafner and Fasolt, who have seized the goddess Freia, and demand as a ransom a pile of gold, towards which the feeble god has to make the ring a contribution.

Fafner then kills Fasolt in order to obtain the ring, having got which he transforms himself into a dragon, and goes off to live in that guise in a forest. So ends the Rheingold, the first section of the tetralogy.

The second is the Walkurie, and this introduces Hunding and Sieglinde, husband and wife, to whose hut Siegmund comes, and Sieglinde finds that she is Siegmund's sister. They fall in love with each other, and Siegfried is the result of their incestuous intercourse.

Hunding pursues the "warrantless wooer," as a translator calls Siegmund; Brunnhilde, the Walkurie, daughter of Wotan, seeks to save the fugitive, for Sieglinde accompanies her brother-lover. Hunding kills his brother in-law, and then falls dead at a wave of Wotan's spear; after which Wotan, wrath at Brunnhilde's attempt to thwart him, surrounds her by a wall of fire, that can only be passed by one who does not dread his spear.

This hero is eventually found in Siegfried, who, in the third part, which bears his name, is found living in the forest with the nibelung Mime, working as a blacksmith and exhibiting marvellous powers, with a big bear for his only playmate.

Siegfried mends the magic sword which only Siegmund had been able to draw from the trunk of a tree, in Hunding's hut, and with the weapon he kills the dragon, otherwise Fafner, thus obtaining possession of the ring; after which he dares Wotan's spear and rescues Brunnhilde.

Some new personages are introduced into the Gotterdammerung, the first act of which, after a prologue, takes place in the Gibichungs' Hall on the Rhine.

Here is Gunther, with his malicious half-brother Hagen (son of Alberich the nibelung), and the latter stirs up Gunther to take Brunnhilde from Siegfried. Hagen prepares a magic potion which is to make Siegfried forget Brunnhilde and love Gunther's sister Gutrune.

The "tarn helm," a magic helmet, enables Siegfried to assume the appearance of Gunther, and in this guise he goes to take possession of Brunnhilde—he forgets that he has ever seen her—and bring her to her destined husband, Gunther.

The legend here grows very complicated but it is enough in this brief summary to say that ultimately Hagen kills Siegfried, hoping to get the ring, but the dead hand is threateningly raised, and he cannot touch it. When the end comes the Rhine maidens have regained their treasure after drowning Hagen.

This is the legend that Herr Wagner set to music, concerning which critics agree most emphatically to differ.

IN SWEDEN.

In many parts of rural Sweden teaching and doctoring are carried on in a curious manner. Once in a long while the doctor makes a tour, and is hospitably entertained at every farm on his wide circuit. If he finds invalids, he, of course, ministers to their needs; but the people are healthy, and "mother" has usually skill enough to deal with their simple maladies. When the doctor comes, however, each one begins to fancy a few aches or queer feelings—it seems such a pity to waste the opportunity! So much medicine is swallowed upon these occasions which had better been thrown away.

The traveling schoolmaster is a national institution. "Flyttbara Skolor," or circular schools, are held periodically in all rural districts; and all that can be said for the system is, that it is better than no education at all; but as weeks or months must elapse between each course of study, high results cannot be expected.

Politeness is a striking characteristic of the Swedish nation; and in this particular all classes are alike. Not only do the rich treat their inferiors with kind consideration, but the poor are courteous to the poor; self-respect leading, as it should, to respect for others.

How true an insight into human nature is here displayed by them! The courtesy of the Swedish bonde is not merely the outcome of kindly goodwill, but is the natural result of his own innate honesty. His frank open-hearted hospitality is marred by no distrust, no doubt of his guest's honor or kindly feeling; for he is too loyal himself to suspect disloyalty in others.

Life at a Swedish farmhouse must needs be happy, the patriarchal simplicity of the household obviating many of the self-made trials of so called civilization. Bonde matrons and maids have no time for nerves and fancies; and where there is no struggle to keep up appearances, there can be no needless anxiety to succeed, or distress at failure.

Unlike his Norwegian neighbor, a Swedish bonde is light of heart and jovial, fond of singing and dancing, and thoroughly appreciating the pleasures of the table. He never loses an opportunity for a kalas, or feast. Not only are the public festivals celebrated with great eclat, but every domestic event serves as the occasion for a grand merrymaking. A "brollop," or wedding, last several days; also a betrothal, and a "barns-ol," or christening. Besides these, there are minor festivities of an impromptu kind, which give great zest to ordinary life.

A bonde is always ready to help his neighbor at any busy time. It may be the building of a barn, or the raising of a hasejn; whatever it is that calls the neighbors together, the opportunity is one for feasting. All hands work heartily until the supper hour arrives; then the host invites them to enter the house, where the house-mother stands ready to welcome her guests to her well-spread table, and the grand business of eating and drinking begins. Not all at once, however. It is one of the canons of the bonde etiquette that you should not accept of hospitality without demur. It is the proper thing to protest against the honor done to you, especially if you are invited to sit in the "uppermost room of the feast." Here again the custom is patriarchal. Under these circumstances the placing of guests is a work of time, but distresses no one, for a bonde is never in a hurry. At length, all preliminary ceremonies duly observed, the company apply themselves vigorously to the pleasant duty of clearing the dishes set before them; the hostess waiting upon them herself.

Supper ended, the guests rise, and each one shakes hands with his host and hostess, saying, "Tak for mait"—"Thank for the meal"—to which they reply, "Val-bekommet"—"Welcome to it." The custom of giving thanks for food is universal, from the highest to the lowest, and is as necessary a part of a grand city dinner-party as at a bonde kalas. This little ceremony over, the table cleared with great dispatch; the musician of the party take his fiddle and strikes up a lively tune, and the dance begins. Some of the prettiest national dances are combined with singing, the dancers keeping step to the cadence of their song.

While the young folk are thus employed the elders of the party light their big pipes, and sit discussing the state of the crops, the prices of cattle at the last fair, and the prospects of the next. So time flies merrily, and before the party breaks up, another informal revel has been planned by the pleasure-loving lads and lasses.

A New Trick.—A Parisian sharper has developed a new form of swindling. He stops at an hotel and registers his name, which strangely happens to be the same as that of the proprietor of the house. This is so remarkable that the guest and the host have a friendly chat about it. The guest requests him to pay special attention to the letters that came for him, which are daily handed to the guest's "valet." Two or three packages come, and the "valet" takes them also. Then a small package, neat-looking and evidently valuable, arrives. When the "valet" got this, he and his master are seen no more. The next meeting is between the hotel proprietor and a jeweler, who presents his bill for jewelry furnished to the value of—say twenty thousands francs.

It is claimed that there is a light-house to every 14 miles of coast in England, to every 34 miles in Ireland and to every 39 miles in Scotland.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

There is a factory in Chicago employed exclusively in making shoes for the dead—always white for women and children, and almost always black for men. As there is no necessity for good wearing quality in these shoes, they can be made at a cost of from $5 to $15 for a dozen pairs.

By a recent edict, issued by the St. Petersburg police, it has been decreed that every theatrical manager shall place in the hands of a specified official, either in cash or current bonds, a sum sufficient to cover his expenses during an entire fortnight. Further, he is required on each treasury day to deposit with the official in question a receipt signed by all his employes showing that their claims have been fully satisfied. Any contravention of this ordinance is to be punished by the imposition of a heavy fine.

A Bill has just been enacted in New York State which contains many important provisions relating to the employment of women and children in factories. Under this law it has become illegal to employ women under the age of 21, or children under 18, for more than 60 hours in any week, or ten hours in one day. No child under 14 years is permitted to work in any manufacturing establishment, and none under 16 years, without affidavit from parents or guardians as to the child's age. Not less than 250 cubic feet of air space shall be allowed for each person in any work room, where persons are employed between 6 A. M. and 6 P. M. For night work 400 cubic feet of air space is the minimum for each person employed.

She wasn't exactly old, but the discriminating observer could see that she hadn't seen the inside of a schoolroom for at least ten years. The shopman threw down piece after piece of flossy white material before her critical eyes, but none of them seemed to claim her unreserved admiration. She was taking a great deal of his time and the silk counter was crowded, so he decided to play his trump card. Holding up a length of crepe de chine so that it fell in a perfect cataract of shimmering folds, he remarked, reflectively, as if to himself alone: "The best thing for graduating purposes we have in store this year." The effect was instantaneous and in another minute the tactful salesman was measuring off a full pattern for his well-pleased patron.

All the elephants used in the Indian army as draught animals in the artillery or commissariat or as baggage animals in the transport department are very carefully attended to, and in every way treated with the greatest consideration. Their keep is rather expensive, being about 30 rupees, or $17 a day, including, of course, the wages of their mahout and grass cutter. They are fed principally upon unhusked rice and grass. Of the former they get about 250 pounds and of the latter about 400 pounds per diem. The very large female cats, after the first day or two, about 750 pounds of green fodder in 18 hours. This is exceeded often by large tuskers, so that about 800 pounds is about the right amount to be placed before a full-grown elephant, with a margin to allow for waste. As a good load for an elephant is about 800 pounds, it will be seen that the amount he will eat per day will be as much as he can carry, and this will also be the right proportion for the smaller ones.

Portland, Oregon, was recently thrown into momentary excitement by what appeared to be a cruel murder on one of its principal streets in broad daylight. A man with blood streaming down his face dashed out of a cigar store, pursued by another, who was yelling wildly and brandishing a revolver. The crowd followed, and at the next corner the pursuer caught up to the fleeing man and shot him in the back. He fell headlong to the pavement and the other attempted to run away, but was captured by a policeman. He was taken to a Magistrate near by and testified that his victim had deliberately grabbed a cigar, naming the brand, from his mouth on being told by the dealer that he had just sold the last to the gentleman in question. He had naturally been rendered furious by the loss of such a fine cigar, and had struck the man and then followed him and shot him. He was locked up, and it was not until the next morning that the affair was shown to be a sell, for the supposed victim had bribed a doctor to say he was fatally wounded. Every paper but one fell into the trap and published the name of the brand of cigars.

Our Young Folks.

A CLEVER BOY.

BY E. H. H.

THAT the famous composer Mozart was, when only a little boy, very clever, I think you will agree when I tell you that at the age when most little folks are amused with toys, playing with them, or, more likely, breaking them up, and are enjoying noise more than anything else, this wonderful child delighted in nothing so much as sweet musical sounds.

When he was only three years old he could pick out for himself the notes which form chords, and would imitate what he had heard his sister play; when he was four years old his father gave him lessons in music, and he was so quick in learning that he would learn to play a minuet in half an hour.

Before he was five years old he began to make pieces for himself—"compose" them is the proper word—and his father used to write them down for him.

He was only about six years old when one day his father and a friend were much surprised to find him busy with pens, ink and paper.

"What are you doing there?" said the father.

"Writing a concerto," replied the boy.

"It must be very brilliant, I should think; let us look at it."

"No, no! it is not ready yet," cried the young composer.

The father, however, soon had the paper in his hand, and was inclined to be much amused at its funny appearance, all blotted as it was, but on looking closely at it, he was astonished to see that the idea in itself showed great genius.

And now I must tell you that this wonderful child—Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart—was born on January 27th, 1756, and he died on December 5th, 1791, just a hundred years ago.

We do not forget the great men who lived long ago; we honor their memory, and wish those who follow us to do the same; and as, if no special time for their remembrance is appointed, they are likely to be forgotten, the custom has grown up of doing something specially in memory of these great men when a hundred years can be counted since they passed away.

This is called a "centenary," and in that year comes the centenary of the gifted composer Mozart, which is why I am telling you something about him.

When Leopold Mozart, his father, discovered how clever the boy was, he devoted himself still more to his musical education, and the little Wolfgang soon became a wonder; for he could compose and play on two instruments before he was seven years old.

Such a wonderful child should not be kept in Salzburg, people thought, and so thought his father; and the consequence was that Wolfgang and his sister, who could also play very beautifully, were taken to Vienna, and visited the emperor's palace.

Wolfgang had very pleasing manners; he was never shy nor awkward, and we told that instead of hanging back, and looking frightened, as some children would have done, he was quite willing to sit on the empress's lap, and he even kissed her many times.

Nor was he afraid to play to her and to the emperor, who were delighted with his music. Many presents were given to him, and you may like to know that amongst these was a lilac-colored dress of the finest cloth—the little vest was moire of the same color, and the coat and top-coat had a border of gold.

No doubt he wore this dress when he went to court. It had been made for the "Hereditary Duke Maximilian Franz," and it must have been greatly valued; Wolfgang had his likeness taken in it. The picture is preserved at Salzburg, his native place, so that the citizens and those who visit the "Mozart collection" can see what the gifted boy looked like in those days.

In Paris the children were also made much of; their father was delighted. "People went crazy over his children," he wrote. But if he was pleased with the welcome they had in Paris, what must he have felt when they reached London.

Soon after their arrival they were summoned into the presence of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, and had the honor of playing before them.

Some days afterwards, when the family were walking in St. James's Park, the king and queen came to drive there; the king opened the carriage window, smiled, bowed, and waved his hands.

Wolfgang played several pieces from Handel and Bach perfectly, and had the honor of playing the organ in the Chapel Royal; he also performed at concerts, and astonished everyone by his marvelous talent.

No wonder the father was pleased: he wrote to his friends at Salzburg that there was never anything like it; that they had been well treated at other courts, but never as they had been by their Majesties the King and Queen of England.

The children returned home loaded with presents, in very good health and spirits, and, surprising to say, not spoiled by all the notice they had received.

If I were to leave off my story now, we should carry with us only sunny memories of this gifted composer. And though it is only fair to tell you that many clouds passed over his life, and that, like many other great people, he often met with sore disappointments, and often had anxiety about money matters, as I am writing for young folk, I will not make my talk too sad by entering fully into the story of his after life.

I will only tell you that he made many and many a journey, in the hope of finding some settled employment, but though people admired his music, they left him with hardly enough to live upon.

When he visited France, as a young man, he did not like it as well as he had liked it when a child. He did not like the people nor their language, nor their music. He said of the French: "They cannot sing; they scream!"

But though he had very little money, and often only one small room, he was always light-hearted, and, like his father, he feared God. "I have had God always before my eyes," he wrote. And so his music is religious music: it reminds us of a prayer. He composed the music for some services, and a "Requiem," as the music for a funeral is called: this was his last work.

Mozart's music is gay as well as grave: it is bright and sportive, it raises the spirits, it makes the people feel light-hearted and happy. Mozart wrote for the young as well as for the old.

He was very, very poor when he died—so poor that he was buried in the common ground set apart in every place for those persons whose relations are not able to pay for their burial; and when his wife and some friends visited the churchyard some time afterward, no one could point out the spot where the great composer had been laid to rest.

But though the music he composed is his best memorial, his countrymen have now raised monuments in his honor. In the square of St. Michael, Salzburg, is a bronze statue of Mozart; in his hand he holds a sheet of music, upon which are some words from the "Requiem"; and in the churchyard of St. Mark, Vienna, is a mourning figure holding the "Requiem" and a wreath of laurel.

Nevertheless, as we have said, his most lasting memorial is the delight which, by the use of his great gift, he prepared for his fellow men. And this is the best lesson that our remembrance of Mozart can teach us.

TRICKS AGAINST THIEVES.

The detective camera will doubtless win for itself a name of ill odor with people of the predatory classes. There is no knowing when it may be collecting evidence for their discomfiture. An instance of the power of surprise that lurks in this handy apparatus was given a few months back in some Paris police proceedings. The story has a distinct touch of humor.

An amateur photographer living in the Rue Saint-Honore observed two strange young ladies on the balcony of the opposite house. The fancy seized him to snatch an instantaneous photograph, and he did so without betraying his presence. In the course of a few hours there was a hue and cry in the street. The fair visitors belonged to a party of burglars who had entered and trifled the rooms of some prosperous dressmakers. A large sum of money was missing. The young man heard of it and went with a print of his photograph to the Commission of Police.

It was at once a guide to the thieves and a proof of guilt. The two girls were already known to the police. Their arrest quickly followed. Taken aback by the charge they admitted their nefarious deed and gave the names of their male accomplices.

Many plans of injured or menaced persons for the capture of rogues have possessed an element of comedy. The landlord of an hotel in this city some years ago was much vexed by continual robberies from a fine meat refrigerator which he had had fitted up at great expense in his back premises. Some one seemed to defy his fastenings. Though it was only an occasional bird or joint that vanished the inn-keeper keenly resented the meanness. One day there was a tremendous stir in the rear of the building. Suspecting what was the cause of the outcries the landlord went to see. His plot was a success. He had caused a fine snapping turtle to be shut up in the refrigerator, and the turtle had caught the thief. Indeed the terrified rascal was so firmly held that his release proved to be possible only by decapitating the reptile.

A very similar and equally successful artifice was that of a gentleman at Milan. Pocket picking was common, and a possible victim made up his mind to be a match for the light fingered gentry. His scheme answered. One morning the frequenters of a fashionable street were moved first to wonder and then to mirth by a ludicrous sight. A stout, well-dressed man was coming nonchalantly down the square, smoking and faintly smiling. Behind him was a woe-begone fellow who had not yet found courage to do anything else but carefully keep pace. His hand was in the tail pocket of the gentleman's coat and he could not withdraw it. A cleverly contrived steel trap was there, and the spring had shut upon the pilfering fingers. In due time the unwilling follower was released from his comical predicament and given into custody.

Disappointment was deliberately prepared for some shop breakers who were once more or less terrorizing Hull. The thieves got into a warehouse, and, no doubt to their joy, discovered the cash box without any trouble. What was more, it was exceedingly heavy. This appeared a fine haul, and the midnight visitors decamped at once, not disturbing any other contents of the place. But they must have regretted their haste. The cash box was picked out of a dust receptable next day, and its contents were by its side. When the burglars had succeed in forcing the lock their eager looks rested, not on gold and silver, but on a large lump of lead. This had given the treasury its misleading promise of substantial wealth for the marauders.

It is said that the eminent painter, Gainsborough, was once the means of bringing a thief to book. The affair happened at Sudbury when the genius of the artist was as yet undisclosed. Many of the best gardens in the vicinity had been ravaged by a scamp who could not be caught. One day Gainsborough noticed an ill-conditioned country fellow looking inquisitively over a protecting garden wall, and conceived there and then the fancy of sketching the man. Not quite so rapidly as it could have been done to-day with a detective camera, but still with an expeditious use of rough-and-ready materials, Gainsborough took the loafer's portrait. The board with the outline upon it was afterwards fixed to the wall, and it proved a speaking likeness. A ne'er-do-well of the town was recognized by several of those who had lost fruit and garden produce. He was challenged as the depredator, and confronted with this singular evidence, confessed to his thefts, and avoided a prosecution by enlisting in the army.

SIGNIFICANT SIGNS.—To call at a friend's house about dinner time, and find him absent, is a sign you will be disappointed.

To drop hot sealing-wax on your fingers is a sign you will be angry.

To receive advice of your mother-in-law's projected visit is a sign you are going to leave home for a time.

To meet a bolting horse on the pavement implies that you are going to run.

To dream of being run over by fire-engines is often a sign you have had pork-chops for supper.

To pick up money is lucky.

If a man says, "I hardly like to ask you, old man; but"—it's a sign he going to borrow money.

To collide with three consecutive lamp-posts and fall over an apple-stall is a sign you are not a Good Templar.

To lose money or jewelry is unlucky.

"Do you see that spring over there?" said a settler in Arkansas to a stranger. "Well, that's an iron spring, that is; and it's so powerful that the farmers' hosses about here that drink the water of it never have to be shod. The shoes just grow on their feet nat'rally."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

London has 4,000 letter carriers.

Thirty-four pounds of raw sugar make 21 of refined.

A street in Germany is paved with hard rubber.

A drunken cow is the latest phenomenon reported from Pasadena, Cal.

Paris has a nailless horse shoe, which is fastened on the hoof with a clasp.

A machine for making shoe-strings out of paper has lately been patented.

There are 800 bath-houses in which a bath can be had for one cent in Tokio, Japan.

It is reported to have rained alligators during a severe rain storm at Ottumwa, Ia., recently.

A calf "with a single eye, no ears and five legs," is the pride of a Wayne county, Pa., man.

To wait too long for any guest is a rudeness toward those who have arrived punctually.

In South America there is a race of cats to which mewing is an unlearned accomplishment.

A three-legged colt and a chicken with two heads and two necks are curiosities at Mexico, Mo.

A 14-year-old boy shot himself near Winchester, Ind., because his mother had whipped him.

A train on the Florida Central and Peninsular Railroad killed seven cows in one day near Leesburg, Fla.

A watch manufacturer, of Liverpool, has invented a lever watch that only requires winding once every 8 days.

What is believed to be the deepest hole in the world is at Schladelbach, Germany. It is stated to be 5735 feet deep.

A colored thief at Clarksville, Tenn., sold recently some diamonds valued at $900, which he had stolen, for 75 cents.

The Duke of Edinburgh has a fleet of 50 silver ships, presented to him at different times by admiring cities and towns.

There are more divorces granted annually in the United States than in all the rest of the Christian world put together.

It is stated that there are 50,000,000 volumes in the public libraries of America, while there are but 24,000,000 in Europe.

In a garden at Marietta, Ga., there is a volunteer sunflower plant 12 feet above ground and nearly 7 inches in circumference.

Orange Point, Fla., has a pumpkin that weighs over 130 pounds and measures about 60 inches in circumference and two feet in diameter.

Because so many worshipers come to a church at Manchester, Conn., on bicycles, a horse shed has been set aside for the stabling of their iron steeds.

No organ of the human body is liable to a greater variety of ailments than the eye. More than forty such diseases are enumerated in medical works.

In the western part of Kansas, having no streams to fish in, the boys are said to catch prairie dogs out of their holes with a hook baited with corn.

Sixty-two boys have committed suicide in the city of Berlin during the past 14 months. Of those 54 were under 15, and one had not reached the age of 7.

In order to abbreviate the time now necessary in writing music a clever mechanician has invented a music type-writer. Its object is explained in its name.

A resident of Strasburg, Va., who is 82 years old, is said to be cutting three teeth in his lower jaw, which will soon raise out of position an artificial set in his mouth.

The Guadaloupe bees lay their honey in bladders of wax about as large as a pigeon's egg, and not in combs. The honey never hardens and is of an oily consistency.

Few families can show a record like that of the Gross family of Richmond, Ind. There are six brothers and five sisters of the family, and there has not been a death among them for 50 years.

A dog at Canaveral, Fla., was bitten in three places by a rattlesnake a short time ago. Fourteen spoonfuls of gunpowder were given it internally, and inside of two days the dog had entirely recovered.

An exchange suggests a novel plan to keep a subscription list paid up. Every time a delinquent subscriber is mentioned in the paper his name is inverted. For example, "Pogu Pouse and his wife are spending a few days in Chicago." Every other reader understands what it means, and there is a great rush among the negligent to get right side up.

The King of Siam has prescribed a rigorous test for those of his subjects who claim to be endowed with the mantle of prophecy. An enactment has now been made providing that no prophet shall be entitled to public confidence unless he has the gift of sitting unharmed in the midst of a fire for the space of at least half an hour. Few will care to qualify for prophetic honors on these terms.

ONLY.

BY W. W. LONG.

Only a withered rose-bud,
Dead in the dusk of your hair;
Only the notes of a tender song,
Floating away on the air.

Only the shimmer of moonlight,
Out there in the leafy lane;
A memory picture tender and sweet,
Framed in parting and pain.

There in the summer moonlight,
As zephyrs floated by,
The breath of the night around us,
We parted—you and I.

ABOUT MICE.

In an Encyclopedia article dealing with the Mouse tribe, we find the observation, that of the domestic mouse "the habits and appearance are too well known to need any description."

Though, so far as relates to the animal's appearance, this remark may be correct, we think that those persons who have made the little creature's ways a matter of close observation will have noticed some things of it that are not generally known.

A few notes, therefore, which we made respecting some mice which were the only mammals sharing with us the shelter of a cottage which we once occupied, may not be without interest to lovers of the animal world.

Finding mice in the dwelling when we took possession, we at first attempted to destroy them; but we soon determined to treat them rather as pets and to watch their ways. Their number never amounted to more than about a dozen of all ages; so their increase, which is naturally so rapid, was probably checked by wild animals catching them when they ventured out of doors.

We early came to the conclusion that the common mouse has slight, if any, natural fear of mankind—that is, instinctive dread, like that possessed by rabbits, pigeons, etc. What they fear and start at is anything, animate or inanimate, which moves suddenly. We do not suppose that they comprehend a man as an entity inimical or otherwise.

We have more than once when rising from a chair crushed a mouse under our foot which had been resting on the heel, and under which the mouse had doubtless run for shelter the moment that we began to stir. Very frequently, too, as we have stood motionless, mice have tickled our skin greatly by climbing up and down our clothes as high as the shoulder.

They have also coolly walked round our book as it lay on the table before us, and apparently looked into our eyes without the slightest fear; but they fled at the sight of any sudden movement, if only of a finger.

A mouse which I came upon in a large tin case made frantic efforts to escape by jumping out; but upon my putting my hand down to capture it, so far from avoiding me, it ran up my coat-sleeve and back, and so to the ground.

The percentage of mice which have been captured by men in the way that they are caught by cats has been too small for the creation of any instinctive dread of man as a whole. But, as he always, presumably, trapped mice in large numbers, the creatures have, as might be expected, a horror of the smell of his fingers. Evidence of this we found by placing our hand over a small heap of flour. The mice came for the flour; but when their noses touched our naked fingers, they precipitately fled.

Afterwards, when we covered our hand with a kid glove, they fearlessly put their heads between the parted fingers to get at the flour. They even allowed us—provided our movements were very slow—to drag them away by their tails, and would still return to the food. No corresponding fear seemed to be inspired by the smell of the human foot, as they would readily eat flour laid on our naked toes.

We have often read of mice being "tamed" by prisoners and others; but we have never seen it stated whether they learned to ignore sudden movements made by their human friends, or became indifferent to the smell of their fingers.

We were certainly surprised to find what could be done with these creatures without scaring them. If we tied a piece of bread at the middle of a long piece of string, one end of which was fastened to the wall, as we slowly raised the bread by pulling at the other end of the string, the mice would cling to the bread by their forepaws till they were half a yard from the ground. Upon their being let down to the floor again, they would immediately recommence their disturbed repast. This, done over and over again, seemed nothing more to them than the swinging of a bough is to a bird.

The organs of hearing and smelling in mice are, of course, very efficient; but their eyesight is, we believe, poor. Their intelligence is, we should think, low, as might be expected from the paucity of convolutions in their brains. We suspended a tin of flour at such a height from the ground that our little friends could not quite jump into it, though the smell of the food made them very persevering in their endeavors to do so. We then arranged a string so that by a detour they could get at the good stuff that way.

One mouse by following that course attained to the desired goal, but evidently by chance, for being startled out of the tin, it continued for a long while to make futile efforts to recover its lost position by jumping up, never again seeking the road which had led it before to the object of its desire. For hours we have lain in bed watching mice trying to spring into the tin of flour, none of them ever perceiving that there was a feasible road leading thereto.

Before we had much observed mice, the use to them of their long tails was a question that puzzled us. We do not know of what service they are to the females; but to the bucks they are, we see, of use in their combats; for, when they fight, they very often face one another standing on their hindlegs, the tail then making, as with kangaroos, the third feature of a tripod. Their appearance, when they thus stand facing one another with their heads thrown back, and their paws raised in front of their faces, is, on account perhaps of the resemblance it bears to the posture of prizefighters, extremely comic. Small mice, also, when attacked by their congeners raise their paws before their faces, the attitude in that case strangely suggesting one of deprecation.

Grains of Gold.

A little sin is a black as a big one.

Every little act is the child of a great principle.

No deed can be small when the purpose is great.

A dollar will buy four times as much for a grateful man as it will for a stingy one.

You can't tell how much money a man has in his pocketbook by the size of the strap around it.

There is no way of reaping permanent success in this life without giving an honest equivalent for it.

There are people who make a good deal of noise in shouting who keep very still with their money.

Some people never find out that an opportunity is an opportunity until it has turned the next corner.

Don't forget that your children will pay more attention to your tracks than they will to your precepts.

The man who is faithful in the first job of work he can get, no matter how poor it may be, will soon have a better one.

When you find a man or woman of mature years who is remarkably well preserved, it is a man or woman who has a goodly supply of sugar in his or her disposition.

Say what you have to say pleasantly and sweetly; remember always that the first thing in life—dear, sweet love—has often been won by that delightful thing, "a low voice."

Femininities.

If a courting-match is not declared off it must end in a tie.

The Chinese do not permit their women to be photographed.

Many a woman who cannot drive a nail or a horse can drive a man.

There are now two hundred female preachers in the United States.

A Maine woman conducts a large foundry and engine works at Dunkirk, N. Y.

Sitting Bull's daughter, Miss Standing Holy, has joined a Wild West show.

A lamp that burns cologne and flings delightful scents is a new thing for the boudoir.

In the masquerades of life, the greatest cowards are apt to wear the most ferocious masks.

The short girl should not cry because she is not tall; let her remedy the evil by getting spliced.

The widows of General Grant and Jefferson Davis are staying at the same hotel at West Point.

He: "Miss Antique may be old, but she comes of an old family." She: "Possibly she inherits her age."

A gentleman of Athens, Ga., has built a number of houses which are occupied by widows free of rent.

Short wedding tours are the rule now, ditto short courtships, and in some parts of the country short marriages.

An English woman was recently fined for permitting her two dogs to draw her baby carriage on the streets of London.

A woman's true dowry, in my opinion, is virtue, modesty and desires restrained, not that which is usually called so.

Judge Yost, of the Superior Court, Louisville, has noticed that almost invariably when a witness yawns he is lying.

The "bachelor" girl is now the term applied to the young woman who leaves the paternal home and strikes out for herself.

You may safely commit the child's clothes to the servant, but the rest of the little one you had better take care of yourself.

Schoeppenstedt says he knows a woman who is so neat that the greatest trouble of her life is the knowledge that she is made of dust.

A recent edict in Norway declares that no girl shall be eligible for marriage unless she is proficient in spinning, knitting and baking.

Whitewashed walls which are to be papered should previously be well brushed over with strong vinegar, or the paste will not adhere.

Mrs. Youngwife, at breakfast: "There is no bread on the table, Nora." Nora: "Sure, there's none in the house." Mrs. Youngwife, severely: "Then make some toast."

Mary Alloway, an old and eccentric character of Mount Joy, Pa., familiarly known in that vicinity as "Mary, the dog-faced woman," died recently in her hovel in the woods.

Ethel: "I've been engaged six times, and now I'm going to marry Charlie Simpson. How many times have you been engaged?" Maude, demurely: "Only twice—to Charlie Simpson."

There are no fewer than 18,000 newspaper women in London, the Ladies' School of Journalism turning out 200 each term; but the successes are very few, and the salaries very small.

She: "I think a girl is very foolish to marry a poor man." He, piqued: "Indeed she is; but not half so foolish as another person whom I might name." "Whom?" "The poor man who marries that sort of a girl."

A new and decidedly clever departure in photographic portraiture is the cabinet cameos just being introduced. The idea is to give four different views of a face in one photograph, the advantages of which are at once apparent, and will, doubtless, become exceedingly popular.

The champion coin counter in this country is a lady in the Treasury Department at Washington, who, it is said, can count 75,000 coins a day. Her fingers are so sensitive and familiar with the touch of good money that a counterfeit cannot slip through them, even when she is counting at this lightning speed.

At an Italian wedding-breakfast the bride distributes to the wedding-guests sugar-plums in pretty cases instead of the bride-cake. She makes the round of the tables, among the gentlemen, with these little cartons, while the groom offers them to the ladies. Just before her departure her bridal bouquet is distributed in sprays to all the unmarried ladies of the party.

Two or three ladies who live in a suburb of London have started a sort of little carrier-pigeon club among themselves. They have each a couple of these pretty messengers, and send notes to each other irrespective of the post or telegraph office. They say that the convenience of the plan is great, as they can arrange impromptu tea-parties, and collect each other for tennis with no trouble.

Masculinities.

All men would be masters of others, and no man is lord of himself.

When the office seeks the man it generally finds him about to ring the front door bell.

It never makes the church any the stronger to have the man join who is mean to his wife.

When a woman wants to drive anything out of the house she shoos it. A man usually boots it.

Sleep eight hours out of the twenty-four; eat three meals a day, and walk on the sunny side of the way.

If you want to please a man, catch him in a crowd and ask him some question that he is smart about.

Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for the most of our better qualities.

A Parisian wit once defined experience as a comb that one became possessed of after having lost one's hair.

There wouldn't be so many tired people in the world if men would stop climbing hills before they got to them.

According to law, a widow is entitled to her third, but the men are generally shy after she has buried her second.

It is not wise to make yourself and your friends unhappy in this world because you think you are going to a better one.

Dancing is taught in many of the public schools in Scotland, and is made a feature of the closing exercises at the end of the term.

It has been invariably observed that none are so insolent in power as they who have usurped an authority to which they had no right.

If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Accepting the philosopher's theory that money represents trouble, it is surprising to see how many people are willing and anxious to borrow.

Can any one tell why it is that when a woman is being weighed she smiles, while a man having his weight ascertained always looks serious?

In France a medical man cannot be compelled to divulge, even in a court of law, the nature of the disease for which he has treated a patient.

The biggest man in Congress is Representative Stone, of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania district. He is 6 feet 6 inches tall and proportionately stout.

Mehitabel Holmes, aged 60 years, and Israel Goodman, aged 75, both of Winsted, Conn., were married a few days ago. They had been engaged for 50 years.

"You say that your husband is both economical and extravagant. In what way?" "Well, he is economical in bestowing praise, and extravagant in giving advice."

"You seem to be rather battered," said the signet ring to a solitaire, as they lay side by side in the pawnbroker's show case. "I have figured in many engagements," replied the latter, sadly.

Gentleman visitor, to best girl's little sister: "Your sister lets me kiss her. Now, won't you let me kiss you?" Little sister, loftily: "No, I don't allow all the gentlemen to kiss me, as sister does."

"Why is it that you are bringing up your daughter to work for a living when you have enough to keep her in comfort at home?" "I want her to be able to support her husband properly if she ever gets married."

News of the fatal illness of 'Squire Beasley comes from Aberdeen, Ohio. The "marrying 'Squire," as he was called, is said to have united more than 4000 eloping couples, most of whom came from Kentucky.

"Did you," he inquired, in an intensely sentimental tone, "never sigh for death?" "Whose?" she inquired with an interest and promptness that brought him back to earth so fast that he fairly lost his breath.

Blushing bride: "I want to get a present for my husband, but I hardly know what to get." Clerk: "Why not have one of these nice silk mufflers, to wear in the evening?" Bride: "Oh, dear, no; my husband never goes out at night." Clerk: "Well, you might have it for next year."

If you will run your hand, or better, your sleeve, lightly down a blackberry cane from top to root, you will observe that all the briars hook upward to catch everything that comes down. Then, if you will run up the other way, you will observe that all the briars hook downward in order to catch everything as it comes up.

A self-acting sofa, just large enough for two, has been invented. If properly wound up, it will begin to ring a warning bell just before 10 o'clock. At one minute after 10 it splits apart, and while one-half carries the daughter of the house up stairs, the other half kicks the young man out of doors. They will come high, but people must have them.

Ellinor's Pupil.

BY E. L.

THE boudoir where Ellinor Morland lay drowsing away the morning was elegant to the point of excess in white and gold appointments. Among them Ellinor lay clad in a lace gown adorned with pink and blue bows, and a breakfast cap that made her look like a delicate bisque statuette put away in a box.

"What!" exclaimed Ada Carington, as she came into the room. "Not up yet?"

"Oh, yes," said Ellinor. "But I didn't get home till daybreak from the Appleby's ball, and I feel fagged to death."

"I'm sorry," said Ada with a sympathetic change of countenance. "I want you to take a run with me across Mrs. Bryant's. Walter is home now, you know. He brought a medal with him from college; but I believe he is not going back next term."

"Not going back?"

"No, poor lad," Ada replied. "The fact is that Mrs. Bryant really cannot afford the fees. She has very hard work making ends meet at home. Oh, I do wish I were rich! What a pleasure it would be to help her."

Ellinor laughed outright.

"What a sly petitioner you are, Ada!" she said, taking her friend's hand. "Why don't I do it, eh? Well," she added more soberly, "I have just come into a fortune, certainly, but my uncle's affairs are in such a tangle that it will take a couple of years before the property is all divided. In the meanwhile, I haven't an available five-pound note. Still, I should like to help Walter. I wonder if I couldn't earn some money for him?"

"Earn money!" cried Ada. "How?"

"Well, I don't know," said Ellinor slowly. "But I have often thought that a rich woman ought to earn money as well as a poor one, if she only gave it for charity."

"What a moralist you are!" said Ada.

"I hadn't thought much about it," said Ellinor gravely; "but you can count on me, Ada. I will do something for Walter Bryant."

"You are a dear, generous girl," said her friend warmly. "It would do me good to help you; but you know I have so many poor of my own to look after."

"I'd rather do this all by myself, if you don't mind," said Ellinor earnestly.

When Ada had gone, Ellinor got up and hunted the morning paper. Her fatigue was gone.

"When people have nothing to do," she observed, as she read over the advertisements, "they imagine all sorts of ailments, when they really have nothing but a lack of purpose."

As her eyes ran over the column of "Wanted," she noticed the following advertisement:

"Wanted—A person to teach French orally to a gentleman who is going abroad and is unable to study on account of his eyes. At——"

"That looks promising!" said Ellinor, as she noted the address. "I'll put on my plainest dress and go by omnibus."

This explained a certain modest but graceful little figure that found its way into the room where a gentleman, with a green shade over his eyes, came in to talk with her.

In feeling his way to a chair, he almost fell over a low ottoman, and Ellinor put out her hands and led him safely to a seat.

"I am almost blind," he said wearily.

"I am very sorry," was her gentle reply.

He turned his head quickly.

"You are a lady," he said. "I can tell by your voice. I did not want a man. It makes me envious when I see other men well and strong, with good eyes, while I am——"

He stopped abruptly.

"You speak French?"

"Yes," Ellinor answered.

"Well, I can understand a good deal. I want you to talk to me—talk about anything."

Ellinor glanced around, and began fluently, in French,—

"That picture resembles someone whom I know."

"It is my grandfather," said Herbert Landell; "my grandfather, Walter Herbert."

"How very odd!" exclaimed Ellinor. "The boy who resembles your grandfather is called Walter, too—Walter Bryant."

"Walter Bryant!" echoed Mr. Landell with a perceptible start. "What do you know about him?—where does he live?"

"He lives out of town. His father died this spring."

"His father is dead!" echoed Herbert Landell. "Poor boy! What does his mother do? Has she anything to live on?"

"Not much. Walter has to leave college, and it is a great pity, for he is very clever, they say."

"Ah, that is a pity!" he said musingly. "Well, I will not detain you, Miss Morland. You shall hear from me in a few days."

So Ellinor left him; but she was sent for soon, and duly began her allotted task.

Her pupil saw nothing of the world, could read nothing and never went out except for exercise.

In this situation he took great interest in small things, and had soon ferreted out the whole story of Walter Bryant, though Ellinor withheld from him the fact of her generous intentions.

The summer wore away, and Walter Bryant learned that he had at his disposal money for another term at college.

Herbert Landell learned that Walter was to go back for another term at least.

"He must go for good," he said decidedly. "I have made up my mind, Miss Morland. You must take me to see his mother. I have another proposition to make, too. If my aunt were to ask you, would you—could you—go with us to Rome next month?"

"No," said Ellinor quickly, "I could not."

A look of disappointment came over his face.

"What am I to do without you?" he said, bitterly. "Ah, if I could only make you my wife, I would not mind the dark days that are coming!"

He buried his face in his hands; but her own soft fingers uncovered his pale cheeks, and her arms stole shyly around his neck.

"I—I can't marry you unless you ask me," she whispered. "Oh, didn't you know it was because I could not stay with you and hide my heart, that I wished to go away? Herbert, I——"

He took her in his arms.

"My darling!" he said with perfect joy. I love you so that I cannot refuse the precious gift of your heart! Will you marry a poor blind man, Ellinor? I shall not be rich, my darling. There will be just enough for us to be happy on."

"I will marry you," Ellinor said, thinking contentedly of her own fortune.

"I might have done more," he went on, "but I had no right to it. It belonged to Walter—your Walter Bryant. He is my half-cousin, Ellinor. His mother and Mrs. Landell were half-sisters to my father; but Mrs. Bryant married beneath her, and my grandmother disowned her. Mrs. Landell inherited her mother's entire fortune, and would have left it to me, but after what you told me about Walter, I could not be happy and take his rightful inheritance."

"My brave Herbert!" cried Ellinor. "But you need not miss the fortune you have sacrificed; in its place I offer you mine."

So her little story came out, too; and when a few months later the pair so strangely brought together returned from their wedding trip, Herbert Landell was wearing the green shade no longer, but instead a pair of glasses, by the aid of which he was able to see quite plainly.

WHAT STARVATION MEANS.

The idiots who "get their living by fasting," as one of them expressed it before a magistrate recently, are not really half as wonderful as the world takes them to be. A good many people have undergone periods of starvation which, taking into account all the circumstances, have fallen little short of the best professional performances, and have yet lived to give their experiences.

Not a few people have deliberately resolved to eat no more food, and have resolutely adhered to their determination. Mr. Spurgeon, it was stated, had once numbered one of them among the members of his Church. It had been revealed to her, she said, that she was going to die, and there was therefore no use in consuming more food.

Mr. Spurgeon, if we remember aright, overcame her resolution by threatening to excommunicate her. The poor woman was, of course, not in her right mind, and it is no unusual thing for the insane to make resolves of this character.

One of the most remarkable instances of this kind was that in which a nobleman took it into his head, not that he was going to die like the woman just referred to, but that he had already actually died, and that he was then in the world, where, as he had always been given to understand, there was no eating or drinking required. He was a dead man, he told his friends, and he did not need food, and he would not take any.

Every device that could be thought of was tried to induce him to eat, but all in vain for a week or more. At last, by way of a final effort to safe his life, they introduced into his chamber a number of persons wrapped in sheets to represent grave clothes, and who were made to sit down to a meal.

The patient of course wanted to know who they were and what they were doing. They were dead men, he was told, getting their dinner. The afflicted nobleman expressed his surprise that they should need to do so. He must have been misinformed, he thought, and at once sat down with the rest.

It has often been thought very astonishing that lunatics, prisoners, and intending suicides should be found capable of holding out against the pangs of hunger right down to death's door, and in not a few cases of actually dying with food within reach. But all sorts of testimony goes to prove that the most acute suffering from starvation is encountered in the course of the first two or three days. For about eight-and-forty hours a person retains most of his strength and vigor unimpaired, and so long as this is the case the craving of appetite is almost incessantly maintained. But after that the strength subsided; a feeling of debility and prostration ensues. The sufferer grows feebler and feebler, and life ebbs away.

In the last stages of starvation no sense of hunger is experienced, at all, if any reliance may be placed on the necessarily limited evidence in cases where death has actually resulted. Testimony to this was found in the starvation of the well-known mission expedition to Terra del Fuego, which went out in 1850.

The whole party—missionaries and crew—appear to have died of famine on Picton Island, and the captain of the ship had seemingly kept a diary during his lingering death. His last entry was: "I neither hunger nor thirst, though—days without food." Unfortunately the actual number of days couldn't be made out.

THE CENTURY OF COAL GAS.—It is just a hundred years since William Murdoch discovered that coal gas might be used as an illuminant. In his Cornish home he heated coal in an iron kettle and applied a light to the end of an iron tube coming from the kettle. How many people to-day have ever heard the name of this William Murdoch? Watts, with his kettle, discovered the use of stream, which has effected the greatest peaceful revolution the world has ever seen. Murdoch, with his kettle, also made a wonderful discovery, the value of which it is impossible to overestimate. Electricity, as an illuminant, is now fast replacing its elder brother, but it is quite young. For sixty years and more gas has been a familiar friend, and its civilling influence has been enormous. Feeble as its flame is compared with the brilliant arc light, those few among us who remember the old wooden posts with their sicky oil lamps that did duty in our streets, and served only to make darkness visible, can testify to the gratitude we ought to feel to the Cornishman. Nothing has helped more to repress the ruffianism in our streets than this lighting up of dark places. It has in every sense been an enlightening power, and it is not exactly in our credit that we have forgotten the man who gave it us.

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Recent Book Issues.

"Her Second Love," a capital story of fashionable English life, has just been published in Peterson & Bros.' New 25 Cent Series.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"Music," edited and published by W. S. B. Mathews, Chicago, is better in the July issue even than its predecessors. For those interested in the intellectual side of music and its literature this publication is indispensable.

"The Quiver" for July, like all the issues of this valuable and popular monthly, is filled from back to back for Sunday and general reading. Published by the Cassell Pub. Co., New York.

DECORATING AN ARTIST.—The celebrated Russian painter, Verestchagin, who created such a sensation by his paintings, once received a decoration. The Czar bestowed on him the cross of St. George, which is only given to those who distinguish themselves in war.

Verestchagin happened to be in a small town which was besieged by a large force of Turcomen. The little Russian garrison was in danger of being overwhelmed by the enemy. Although not connected with the army, Verestchagin seized a musket and laid out many a picturesque-looking Turcoman, whom he would much rather have painted. He distinguished himself in the sorties made on the enemy, for the reason, he put it, that he didn't care to be left behind. The Russians managed to hold out until reinforcements arrived.

Some time after General Kaufman called on the artist and told him that the Czar had given him the cross of St. George.

"What do I want with the St. George's cross?"

"That's neither here nor there. The cross is here and you must take it."

Verestchagin refused to accept the cross, and General Kaufman, taking out his penknife, cut a slit in the breast of Verestchagin's coat and fastened the cross on his breast.

"There, you have ruined my only coat," said the artist.

There was no help for it; he had to accept the decoration. He said it was a warning to him never again to give up the brush for the musket.

DOING GOOD UNTO OTHERS.—To do good unto others is a duty which blends itself in all the concerns of life, from the performance of which no class is exempt, and which has an intimate bearing upon the good order and happiness of society. There is a mutual dependence upon each other among the various classes of society, like that of the members of the human body. The manufacturer depends upon the farmer and others for the sale of his fabrics and the means of his subsistence; the mechanic and the professional man have a like dependence upon the other classes; and the farmer, though most independent, is greatly indebted to the other classes for his prosperity and the social enjoyments of civilized society. Each class flourishes best when all classes flourish most. Hence every individual acts wisely who endeavors to promote the prosperity of all.

THE minister of a Western church not long ago preached a sermon on card playing, says a Detroit paper, and at its close he remarked: "Will the brethren now in the house who know how to play poker please hold up their hands?" He waited a minute, and not a hand went up. "I am very much obliged," he then said, "but I did not think so many of you knew how." There was a sensation in the church, but the preacher concluded the services quietly, and afterward a committee waited on him. 'We came to ask what you meant by saying that we all know how to play poker, when, in response to your inquiry, not one of us responded," said the spokesman, hotly. The preacher laughed soothingly. "Don't let your tempers get the better of you, brethren," he replied; "any man who knows how to play poker isn't going to show his hand unless he is forced to, and you know it as well as I do." The committee apologized and reported to the other members, and the preacher's salary was raised.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

ANSWERED.—At a recent trial in Scotland a certain lady got into the witness box to be examined, when the following conversation took place between her and the opposing counsel:

Counsel: "How old are you?"

Miss Jane: "Oh, weel, sir, I am an unmarried woman, and dinna think it right to answer that question."

The Judge: "Oh, yes, answer the gentleman how old are you."

Miss Jane: "Weel-a-wee, I am fifty."

Counsel: "Are you not more?"

Miss Jane: "Weel, I am sixty."

The inquisitive lawyer still further asked if she had any hopes of getting married, to which Miss Jane replied—

"Weel, sir, I winna tell a lee; I hinna lost hope yet;" scornfully adding, "but I widna marry you, for I am sick and tired o' your palaver already."

FIRE FROM ICE.—A candle may be lighted with a piece of ice. A small piece of metallic potassium is laid on the wick and touched with the ice, when the water immediately produces a flame. This is due to the property of this metal to oxidize with exceeding rapidity on contact with water. This curious experiment is to be made with great caution, as, if too much of the potassium is used, an explosion will take place

IN Switzerland, girls of fourteen are employed as porters, carrying the baggage of travelers up and down the steep mountain paths. The limit to the burden often put upon them is their inability to stand up under anything more. But the burden increases with the age and strength of the burden bearers, till by the time the girls have come to womanhood there is no sort of menial toil in which they do not bear a hand, and quite commonly the chief hand.

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Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about $13 from Detroit or $18 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand, romantic spot; its climate is most invigorating. Save your money by traveling between Detroit and Cleveland, via the D. & C. Line. Fare, $2 25. This division is equipped with two new steamers, "City of Detroit" and "City of Cleveland," now famous as the largest and most magnificent on fresh water. Leave every night, arriving the following morning at destination, making SURE connection with all morning trains. Palace steamers, four trips per week between Detroit, Mackinac, Petoskey, the "Soo" and Marquette. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co., Detroit, Mich.

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Campaign Badges.

Gold plate and finely finished with correct pictures of the candidates for President and Vice President of all parties. Over 6,000,000 badges sold in 1888. There can be 15,000,000 sold in 1892. You can sell your share of them, by being the first in your place to have them for sale. Sample 10 cents, 3 for 25 cents. 1 dozen 50 cents, Post paid. 1 Gross by Express $3.25. Address

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$5 to $15 per day, at home, selling LIGHTNING PLATER and plating jewelry, watches tableware, &c. Plates the finest of jewelry good as new, on all kinds of metal with gold, silver or nickel. No experience. No capital. Every house has goods needing plating. Wholesale to agents $5. Write for circulars. H. E. DELNO & Co., Columbus, O.

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GUNS REVOLVERS, DOG CARTS, &c. SPORTING GOODS Catalogue FREE. H. HENRY & CO. No. 11, No. 2, CHICAGO, ILL.

ALL ABOUT GIRLS Rare book, 100 pages. Richly Illustrated. Leaves, 50c. Globe Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

BEATTY PIANOS, ORGAN, $23 up. Want agts. Cat. free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N.J.

TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it **WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS.** In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it **IMMEDIATELY** correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this **GUIDE. THE GUIDE** shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and **WITHOUT FAIL** is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play **IMMEDIATELY** twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of **FIFTY CENTS.** Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia,

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS. INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to nock.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidity thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

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Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

PILES Remedy Free. INSTANT RELIEF. Final cure in 10 days. Never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. A victim tried in vain every remedy has discovered a simple cure, which he will mail free to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N.Y.

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A Fortune in a Puzzle!

A Prize For Every Correct Word.

Eight Prize Word-Riddles.

1	A-e-ic-	The best country on Earth.	5	F--tu-e	Try, try again if you would win one.
2	--s-in--o-	The man best remembered by the people of the United States.	6	B-c-c-e	What every boy and many girls now want.
3	C--c--o	A city much praised by its inhabitants.	7	H-m--ck	For lots people in Summer.
4	El-c--o-	An interesting event next November.	8	T-b--co	Don't acquire the habit.

Explanation.—Each dash appearing in the partially spelled words above given indicates the absence of a certain letter. When the proper letters are supplied, the word selected by us will be found complete. EXAMPLE: H—rs—, something that every farmer should possess. In this case the omitted letters are o and e, and when properly inserted the completed word is horse.

PRIZES FOR EVERY CORRECT ANSWER.

For the FIRST correct answer to ALL of the entire Eight words..1 Cash Prize, value $500.00
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☞ Remember, Every Correct Answer Wins a Prize
AND PRIZES ARE PAID AS FAST AS CORRECT ANSWERS ARE RECEIVED.

As fast as replies come in **the prizes will be paid for Each Correct Answer Received** and the 8 correct words with names of winners of Prizes will be published in our December number which will be 500,000 copies. We have ample capital and will promptly pay every prize offered.

Conditions. The object of this extraordinary offer is, of course, to secure subscribers at once and in large numbers. We therefore require that **30 cents** for a subscription to our great paper, THE AMERICAN HOUSEHOLD GUEST, be remitted with every answer. If answers are sent to more than one word the name of a subscriber must be sent for **every word** that is answered. Thus, if you send answers to two words, send two names and 60 cents, and so on, one name and 30 cents for each word you answer. **Designate the words you answer by their Numbers.** Be wise and SEND YOUR ANSWER TO-DAY. Address all letters and make all remittances payable to

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Humorous.

AN ENDED DREAM.

Beneath the silvery moon they strayed,
A fair young man and dark-eyed maid,
Of neither cold nor wind afraid,
Their whispering voices blended.

She gazed into his eyes so blue,
He told her that he loved her true,
That bit of sidewalk's slippery—whew!
Their dream of bliss is ended.

—S. F. W.

Explicit Directions.

The Skipper: "I say, guv'nor, you'd be more comfortable if you didn't lie on your stomach."

Guv'nor, feebly from the bottom of the boat: "Stomach—yes—fold it up, please, and—put it in the lining of my hat."

Wax works—Bee hives.

Free of charge—An empty gun.

How to get rid of surplus milk—Cheese it.

What word is there of five letters that by taking away two leaves but one?—Stone.

Why should a postal-card be alluded to in the feminine gender?—Because it can't keep a secret.

An individual who boasted of "moving in select circles" was afterwards ascertained to be the clown in a circus.

"The sentence is that ye be hanged," said a Welsh judge to a poor criminal, "and I hope it may prove a warning to you."

Teacher: "Now, Tommy, can you tell me the name of the strongest animal?" "Yes, ma'am." "What is it?" "The polecat."

Distinguished American, traveling in Russia: "Here is a nice fix I'm in—invited to dine with the Czar and no insurance on my life!"

From the composition of a young Japanese student of English: "The cat is a small cattle. When he sees a rat, he luminates his eyes."

"Father," said a 6-year-old, "where is Atoms?" "Atoms, my boy? What do you mean?" "Why, the place where everything gets blown to."

"There," said a charming lady, with a naive expression that made her face radiant, pointing to an ebony case of antique china, "that is my brick-bat cabinet!"

A dealer in cheap shoes recently counselled in one of his advertisements—"Ladies wishing these cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long."

Judge: "And he took you by the throat and choked you, did he?" Pat: "Yis, sor, he squazed me throat till oi thot he'd make either out of me Adam's apple."

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his Irish servant. "It is full on the bottom, sir, but there's none at the top," said Biddy.

"'Appointment' and 'interment' is a rhyme sent in by a poet this morning," writes an editor. "If he will kindly make the former," he adds, "we will guarantee that he will get the latter."

Episode in a political convention. The chairman: "The chair will not dispute the point with Mr. Carter." Mr. Carter: "The chair had better not, unless he takes his coat off." The chair did not.

"See here, waiter, it's an hour since I ordered my lunch, and it hasn't come yet. I can't afford to sit here all day." Waiter: "That's all right, sir. We never charges no rent for our tables, sir."

"When I was once in danger from a tiger," said an old East India veteran, "I tried sitting down and staring at him, as I had no weapon." "How did it work?" eagerly asked a bystander. "Perfectly; the tiger didn't even offer to touch me." "Strange—very strange! How do you account for it?" "Well, sometimes I've thought that it was because I sat down on a high branch of a very tall tree."

A waiter brings a dish of mushrooms to two diners in whom the sentiment of State pride is well developed. "Do you call these mushrooms?" exclaims one contemptuously. "You ought to see the mushrooms that grow where I come from—great big fellows, as big as dinner-plates, that grow at the feet of the trees." "In my part of the country," exclaims his companion proudly, "the trees themselves grow at the feet of the mushrooms!"

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The pretty and picturesque gowns now made for the little ones make them doubly attractive, and it is really hard to walk a block without feeling the desire to get down on your knees to kiss some dimpled little darling toddling along in its quaint old fashioned gown. The picture gowns reach to the feet and are seldom seen on children over six. They are, as I said, so very pretty, but on the other hand they are a serious inconvenience to the baby. It looks cunning to see the little tots gather up their petticoats whenever they want to run or climb, but they often step on them and tumble over, and they seriously hamper their free movement.

I think it would be a good plan to make the little dresses shorter for play and long only for show or outside wear when a child is expected to be still.

Out in the Park and Squares, places where the children congregate in the greatest numbers with their nurses, one sees little mites in white muslin, with long skirts and blue or pink sashes, toddling around with at least one hand useless for any other purpose than to lift up the long skirt.

But you see "the latest" in all the grades. One little gimp dress struck me as being very pretty, if a little odd. The gimp was of pale blue India silk, with the rest of black pongee. There were little butterfly bows of blue on the shoulders and three of the same down the front of the dress.

PICTURE GOWNS FOR CHILDREN.

Another had a gretchen waist and full plain skirt of black pongee, with the upper part of the waist and full bishop sleeves of orange India silk. The black skirt was feather stitched above the hem with orange silk. It made a very becoming dress.

Another pretty picture gown for a baby of three was of moss green surah "shot" with peachblow, so that the little thing looked like a dove in the changing lights. The skirt was long and plainly hemmed. The waist was a sort of modified Russian, with squares of Russian embroidery around the neck over the gimp of pink silk. The balloon sleeves ended at the elbow with a narrow frill of lace.

The dress for her motherly little sister was of blue and white striped wash surah, made with a blouse waist, a plain skirt and sleeves puffed to the elbow. The forearm, bottom of the skirt and the ruff on the shoulders all had rows of narrow dark blue ribbon sewn on flat. The skirt came to a little below the knees.

For little boys in dresses the most satisfactory gown for summer is made of pique, with a little sailor blouse, the whole trimmed with narrow stripe of blue percale stitched on flat. This will stand no end of washing and hard wear. For woolen nothing is as good as blue serge or flannel, and they can be trimmed with a few yards of white braid and can be washed as often as need be, and that is pretty often.

Natty little suits for boys in pants are made of pink and white or blue and white striped ticking, with a dark stripe up the legs and a dark blue sailor collar for the blue one or Turkey red for the other. They are inexpensive, easy to make and prettier than anything. Gray Holland linen is also used for small boys, and it is stout and will bear washing indefinitely.

For the pretty elder sister who is "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet," I describe a simple and dainty dress which is just the kind she wants. The body of the gown is plain, with a Marguerite bodice of white crepe or mull, bound all around with blue moire ribbon. The same makes a point at the front and forms a collar. The sleeves have two puffs of mull or crepe, with four bands of ribbon, and there are three around the bottom. The dress itself is made of pearl gray Henrietta.

A dainty little fancy that any girl can make in twenty minutes is a lace capote. This has a frame made nearly square and is simply bent down at the corners, edged with a little gilt cord or with beads. The top of it can be covered with bright silk overlaid and edged with lace, and in front is a butterfly bow made of lace fastened by the silk. It couldn't be prettier, and is suitable for church, receptions, theaters and full dress for any occasion where bonnets are worn, and it can also be worn on pleasant days for promenade.

Another dainty little addition to a plain gown, making it dressy and pretty, is a jabot of pineapple muslin, edged with lace. A pineapple handkerchief is generally employed to make this, and the lace needs to be almost an inch and a half wide, of fine texture and pattern, and held on pretty full. To make it, simply catch up a portion a little above the middle, and twist it so that two of the corners fall one over the other at the top, and let the rest hang in easy folds, and when it is in the shape as above, tack it firmly on the back, but not letting the stitches show. A bow of ribbon just under the top fall is an addition.

Odds and Ends.

SOME MATTERS ABOUT THE HOUSEHOLD.

Starched clothes should be quite wet and should be shaped as they are folded down. These may be left until some of the rougher things are ironed.

A properly fried potato is not greasy, is not indigestible, is not unhealthy. Potatoes should be fried exactly like croquettes, in boiling fat, that is, sweet, white lard melted, and should be drained in the same manner as the croquette. They may be cut into balls and fried.

It is the most beggarly economy to lay a carpet on any floor without putting papers under it. No carpet will stand the hard wear which comes upon it when it is put directly on the floor. Besides it softens the tread and renders it more agreeable to walk upon.

For mutton broth take three pounds of the scrag end of a neck of very fresh mutton, cut it up in several pieces, wash them in cold water, and put them in a saucepan, with a quart of water, place it on the fire to boil, skim and add a couple of turnips cut into slices, a little parsley and a little salt. Let it boil slowly for an hour and a half, skim off the fat from the surface, strain through a fine sieve into a pitcher and keep for use.

For the destruction of the mosquito Prof. Riley recommends pyrethrum powder moistened, made into little cones, then allowed to dry, and burned in a closed room. The effect is to stupefy or kill the mosquito. The professor does not think it is true that mosquito bites sometimes inoculate the body with malarial poison.

The makers of wooden butter bowls turn them out green, and turn bottom side up on the floor so that they will not crack while seasoning. Now let your inquirer oil her butter bowl on the outside with boiled oil, and then when not in use keep it bottom side up on some broad shelf.

Remember that the wings of turkeys, geese and chickens should never be thrown away. Many people, especially in the country, keep them to brush off the stove or range, but there is nothing better to wash or clean windows.

Apple Fritters.—One pint of milk, three eggs, salt just to taste, as much flour as will make a batter. Beat the yolks and whites separately, add the yolks to the milk, stir in the whites with as much flour as will make a batter; have ready some tender apples, peel them, cut them in slices round the apple; take the core carefully out of the centre of each slice, and to every spoonful of batter lay in a slice of the apple, which must be cut very thin; fry them in hot lard to a light brown color on both sides.

Crushed Wheat and Graham Rolls.—Pour graham flour into cold crushed wheat mush and keep the dough so soft that it can scarcely be rolled out an inch thick; cut into forms with a biscuit cutter; cover and bake quickly in a hot oven. These make an excellent breakfast biscuit, which are more solid than those made from oatmeal mush. Knead the mixture but little, just stiff enough to roll out lightly.

Cream Cake.—Beat two eggs in a teacup, and fill the cup with sweet cream, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, or one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar. Flavor with lemon and bake in a moderately heated oven.

Curled Wafers.—Beat six ounces of fresh butter to a cream, then mix it gradually with an equal weight of dried sifted flour, three large well-beaten eggs, two ounces of fine white sugar, a pinch of salt, a few drops of flavoring essence and three or four tablespoonfuls of cream; beat the mixture briskly until the various ingredients are thoroughly blended, then drop it, a tablespoonful at a time, upon a buttered baking tin, leaving plenty of space between for the cakes to swell during the process of cooking, which they will do to a considerable extent; when cooked sufficiently and lightly brown, remove the cakes from the tin, and while still hot twist each one very carefully to the form of a cornucopia, or a horn, in a gentle manner so as not to break the wafers; return the cake to the oven for a minute or two to stiffen into shape; then, when quite cold, put first a tiny spoonful of some delicate preserve into each, then a spoonful of whipped cream, and serve tastefully arranged on a pretty glass dish.

Mutton Rolled and Stuffed.—Four pounds of mutton, two onions, bread-crumbs, parsley, herbs, pepper and salt. Procure a nice breast of mutton; take off the shoulder blade; take all the bones out; cut off any superfluous edges of fat; take a rolling pin and flatten the mutton by beating it well. Now take one breakfast-cupful of bread-crumbs, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of chopped herbs (thyme and marjoram if to be had), pepper and salt enough to season the whole. Mix all well, and then moisten it with a little milk. Spread the mixture on the mutton, and then roll it tightly up, and tie it in at least three places with tape. Put this mutton in a dish, and put it in the oven for a quarter of an hour to draw out a good deal of the fat from the mutton; put two tablespoonfuls of this fat into a stewpan and let it get hot; slice the onions and fry them till pretty brown in the fat; now add the mutton; put into a basin one tablespoonful of flour, a little pepper and salt; rub the flour smooth with a very little water, and when quite smooth add two breakfast-cupfuls of water, and mix; now pour this thickening into the pan with the mutton, put on the lid, and let all stew very slowly for two hours. Then take up the mutton; take off the tape; put the meat on a dish; remove as much fat as possible from the top of the sauce, and pour it over the mutton; see that the sauce is not too thick.

Pound Cake.—One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, twelve eggs, two large nutmegs, ground, one teaspoonful of mace, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of all-spice, one-half teaspoonful of ginger, grated yellow rind and juice of one lemon and orange, small glass of rose-water, four pounds of currants, four pounds of raisins, two pounds of citron, half pound each of sweet and bitter almonds blanched and beaten to a paste with rose-water. To be baked in one large loaf it takes eight hours in a moderate oven.

Salad Sandwiches.—Take the dark chicken meat, cut into small pieces and moisten with mayonnaise or French dressing. Cut slices of bread rather thin and butter thinly. Put into a bowl some vinegar and a tarragon seed; dip into the vinegar a lettuce leaf, then shake off the vinegar and lay the leaf on a slice of bread, then spread the leaf with dressing, put on a layer of the chicken; then dip another leaf in the vinegar and lay on the chicken, lay on the second leaf another slice of bread, press together and trim the edges and cut diagonally in two.

Tapioca Cream.—Three tablespoonfuls tapioca; cover with water; soak four hours; pour off the water; put one quart of milk over the fire; when it boils, stir in the yolks of three eggs and a little salt; stir till it begins to thicken; make frosting of the whites of the eggs, spread over the top, and flavor with vanilla.

WHEN Chopin, the great musician, was young, his personal appearance was the last matter he thought of. In a letter sent to his parents from Vienna, in 1831, he says, "I have left my whiskers only on the right cheek. They grow very well there, and there is really no occasion to have them on my left cheek, as I always sit with the right one towards the audience!"